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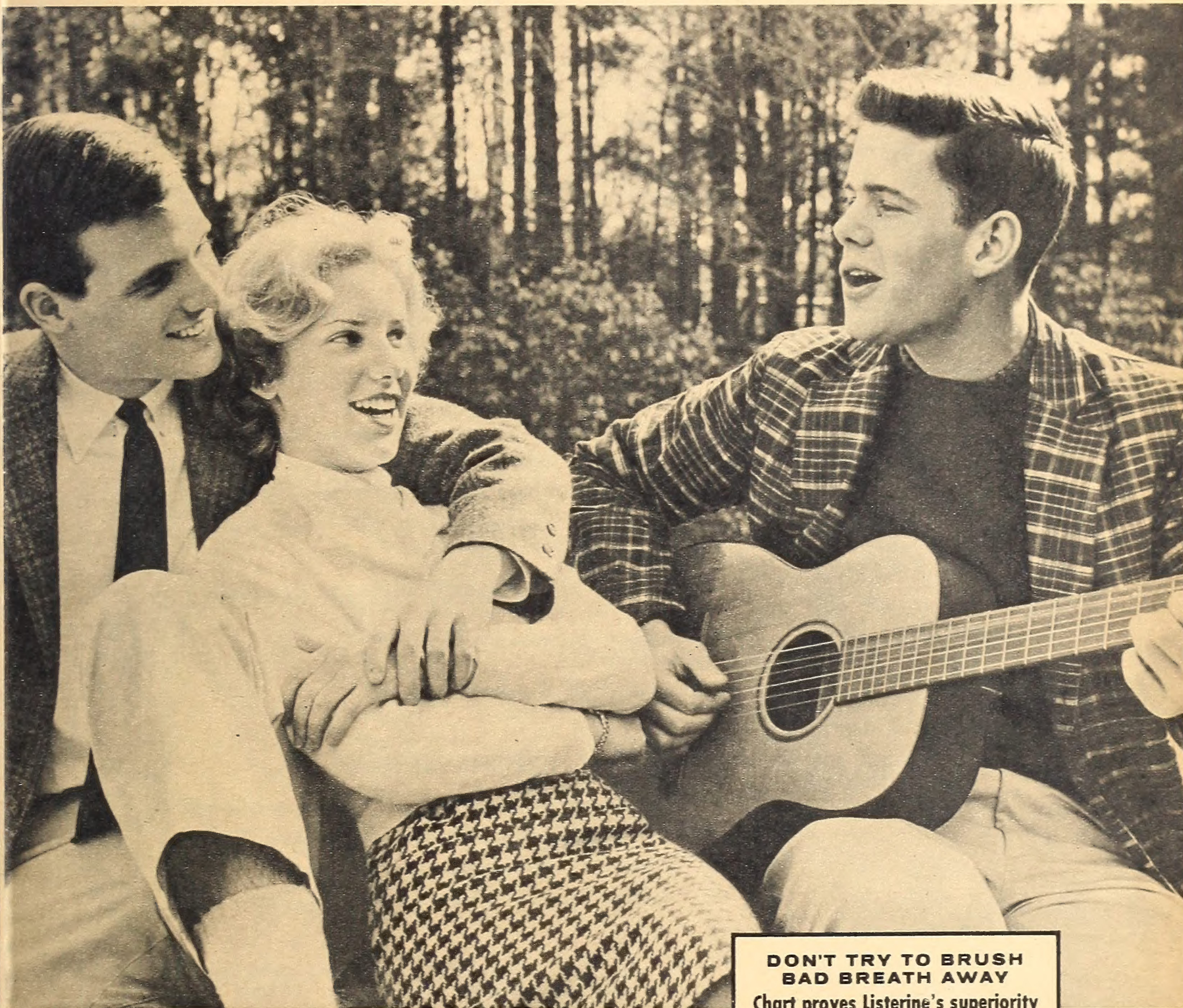
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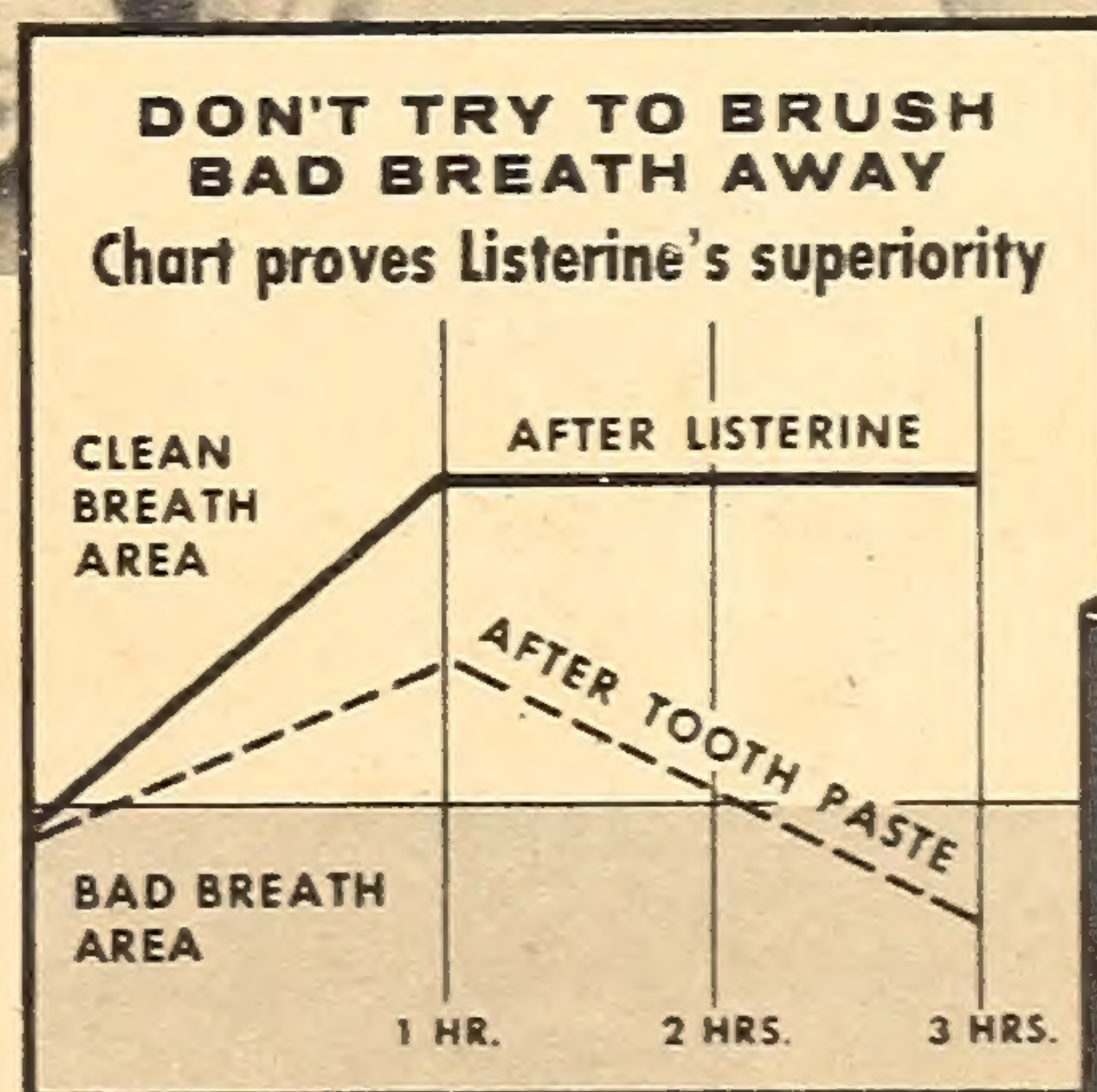
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Volume 61, No. 2

September, 1959

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ON THE COVER: DORIS DAY, STARRING IN THE
UNIVERSAL-INTERNATIONAL FILM, "PILLOW TALK"

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Sheilah Graham's HOLLYWOOD LOWDOWN

- Parachute jumping new hobby for David Nelson
- Edd Byrnes to have his own TV show?



THIS IS Sheilah Graham, your roving reporter with news of Hollywood, New York, London, Paris and Rome. . . . Jerry Lewis, on the verge of adopting a girl to complement his four boys, will wait until October to see if the next bundle dropped by the stork is feminine gender. . . . Jerry can't understand why ex-partner Dean Martin keeps sniping at him. Dean's still mad. Jerry says he isn't. . . . They do say that Marlon Brando's "One-Eyed Jacks" is a beautiful Western. Marlon's big problem was to reduce his six-hour film to two-something. Latest lady on the Brando arm, outspoken English actress Joan Collins. They met for the first time on a double date with Brando and Rita Moreno. Moral: never bring along a beautiful rival.

Met 17-year-old recording sensation Paul Anka while I played a nun in Metro's "Girls' Town"—he was the leading lad—and as Kookie's girl friends would say, he's the utmost. . . . Starlet Gigi Perreau thought so too. . . . As for Kookie, Edd Byrnes, he may have his own show come Fall. . . . John Wayne was in a big fix with 20th Century-Fox when they postponed "The Alaskans," because, as John

puts it, "Come hell or high water, start 'The Alamo' in Texas, September 7th." Wayne's deal with 20th gives him ten million dollars over the next five years—the payments are spread over his life. And you don't monkey around with a deal like that.

Anita Ekberg's once-upon-a-time one and-only, Anthony Steel, has been dating ex-Ambassador Lewis Douglas's eldest unmarried daughter, the charmin' Sharma Douglas. . . . While Anita, as of going to press, was the light in Walter Chiari's flashing orbs. . . . And as for Chiari's ex-love, Ava Gardner, when last heard from she had by-passed romance for the somber pursuit of *The Meaning Of Life*.

Natalie Wood is five-feet-two and weighs 95 pounds, but she does a man's work on the 48-foot yacht she owns with Robert Wagner. The boat sleeps eight. "But we are the only crew," husband Robert Wagner told me, adding, "With a crew you can't have fun." The new boat is big enough for a double bed, electric refrigeration, hot water and a flying top for fishing. . . . Ernie Borgnine listens more to Katy Jurado than to his manager. And in fairness to Katy, she

continued on page 8



JOHN Wayne's tall yarn brings smiles to Natalie Wood and Bob Wagner at party.



HAVING a good time at gala benefit dinner are Doris Day and husband Marty Melcher.

HALF HIS CREW LOST...
HIS SHIP IN FLAMES AND SINKING—
BUT WHEN THE ENEMY DEMANDED SURRENDER...
HIS REPLY RANG OUT—

"I have not yet begun to fight!"

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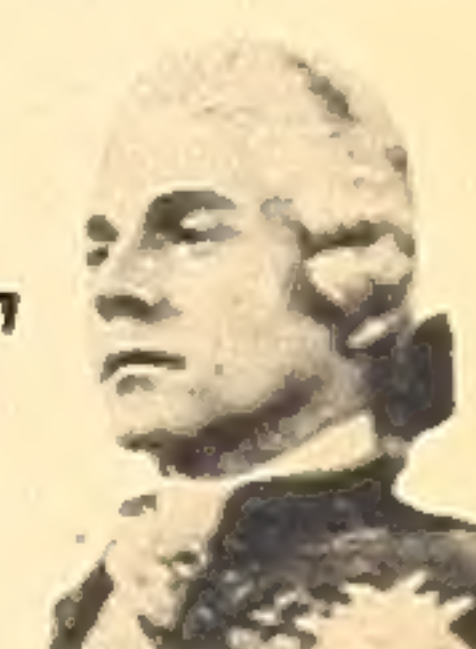


Guest Stars

Macdonald
CAREY
as Patrick Henry



Jean Pierre
AUMONT
as King Louis XVI



David
FARRAR
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Peter
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HOLLYWOOD LOWDOWN

continued

as good at business as Robert Cummings's wife, Mary, who handles everything for her husband.

Petite Gina Lollobrigida has 100% approval of all photographs in or out of her films. She describes her house near Rome as "a little Versailles." Gina made lots of friends here with her great friendliness while filming "Never So Few" with Frank Sinatra. . . . And talking of Frankie, his kiss and make up with Sammy Davis, Jr., is the first time, to my knowledge, he has forgiven a fancied or real wrong. . . . Incidentally, Frankie boy installed an honest to goodness salt water pool on the grounds of his Beverly mansion. Salt is good for his sinus.

It will be a long time before Ginger Rogers forgives the age-conscious British who screamed she was 47 in every story during her recent visit to London. They should all look as good as Ginger at 47—or Lana Turner at 40—or Marlene Dietrich at 55. . . .

Motorcycle demon David Nelson will next take up parachute jumping. . . . And talking of the sons of famous fathers and brothers, Gary Crosby showed more tact than his old man when he refused to reply to Bing's blast about what a bad job he has done as a father. It really wasn't fair to the Crosby sons to make such a statement. It's been tough for them to get out from Bing's shadow. . . . Sad thought—that Bob Hope will never again go dashing all over America and the world.

Arlene Dahl explained her reconciliation with Fernando Lamas—"Twas as much for the sake of our son Lorenzo, as for ourselves." If there's a chance, it should be taken. . . . According to a library survey, passed on to me by producer Jerry Wald, the subjects most favored by book readers, are, in this order, Survival, Security, Sex. There should be



BACK HOME after cross-country flight, Don Murray, Hope Lange and son leave plane.



LOOKING more attractive than ever, June Allyson arrives at theatre with Dick Powell.

room for Selfless Love. . . . Sal Mineo is writing his autobiography. I hope it doesn't take as long as Errol Flynn's which started more than a year ago and is still unfinished.

Oh the gorgeous trousseau that Elizabeth Taylor took with her to London! Her favorite nightie—and mine—a white satin figure hugger, trimmed with black lace. . . . Talking of ladies undergarments, Cesar Romero is now in the dress business and none of the buyers can resist him when he comes a-calling with his little black bag of samples.

Now I've seen everything. Liberace with a crew cut. Mama mia. . . . And while we're with Mama, their big quarrel was over his fight with brother George. The smiling pianist has made up with Ma, but there is still coolness between the brothers. . . . Italy's Anna Magnani takes her work so seriously that she will give no interviews during rehearsals or filming. The same is true of Sir Laurence Olivier—but he rarely talks at all to the press for publication.



AMONG celebrities on hand for Hollywood opening are Red Buttons and wife Helayne.



BEFORE leaving on European trip, George Montgomery and Dinah Shore attend party

Noel Coward's explanation as to why his play, "Look After Lulu," folded on Broadway—"No one," said Noel with amazing honesty, "went to see it." We could use him here after the preview of a bad picture when everyone is gushing to the producer, "It was wonderful." . . .

Alec Guinness was first choice to play the Peter Ustinov role in Kirk Douglas' "Spartacus." It remains to be seen whether he was right in his refusal. It's hard to know when to say yes. Cary Grant and Charles Laughton turned down the Guinness role in "Bridge On The River Kwai." . . . And it was because George Raft refused to do "The Maltese Falcon" for the then unknown director, John Huston, that a new star was born in Humphrey Bogart.

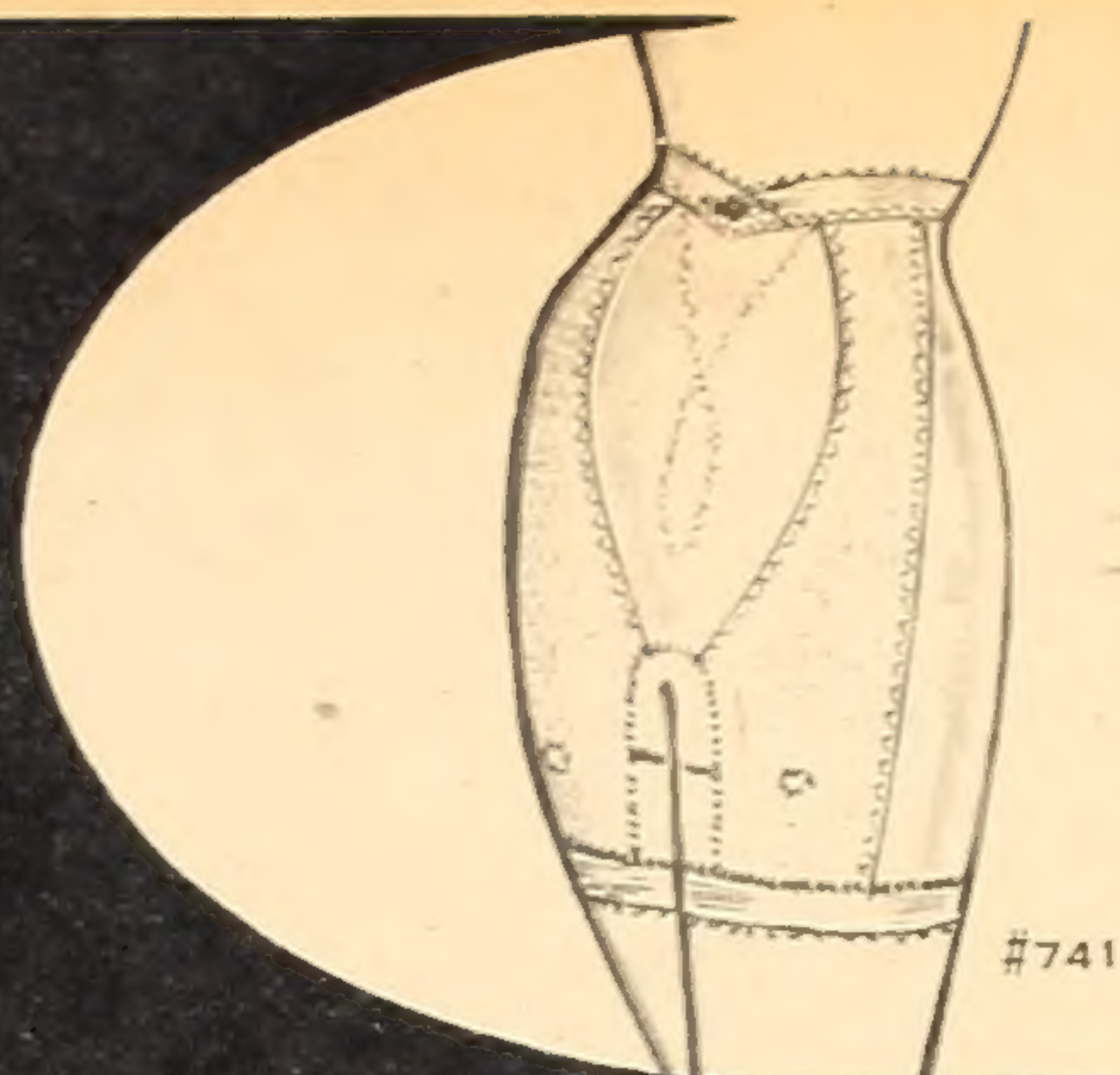
When Marlon Brando read that the high salaries of stars were responsible for damaging the movie industry, he explained, "I thought it was television destroying us." Marlon believes in high wages for all. . . . On the subject of money, a quote from James Garner: "I've never made much, but my wife and children are in good health, we eat well and we're comfortable."

There is only one man to my mind who should play the lead in the movie version of "Exodus"—Burt Lancaster. I kept seeing Burt's face all the while I read the best-seller. . . . John O'Hara asking price for the movie rights of his first best-seller, "Appointment In Samarra"—one cool million dollars. Wow! . . . Suzy Parker is a new girl since she came into the open and admitted she was wed to Pierre de la Salle, who spent a lot of time with Suzy in Hollywood while she filmed "The Best Of Everything." . . . Fred Astaire's daughter, Ava, hopes to catch up with John Rees-Parker at Oxford University this summer in Europe. They met while Ava was a student at Marlborough and Rees-Parker attended the Harvard School here. . . . The nine Emmys for Fred's TV show were all deserved in my opinion. But it was li

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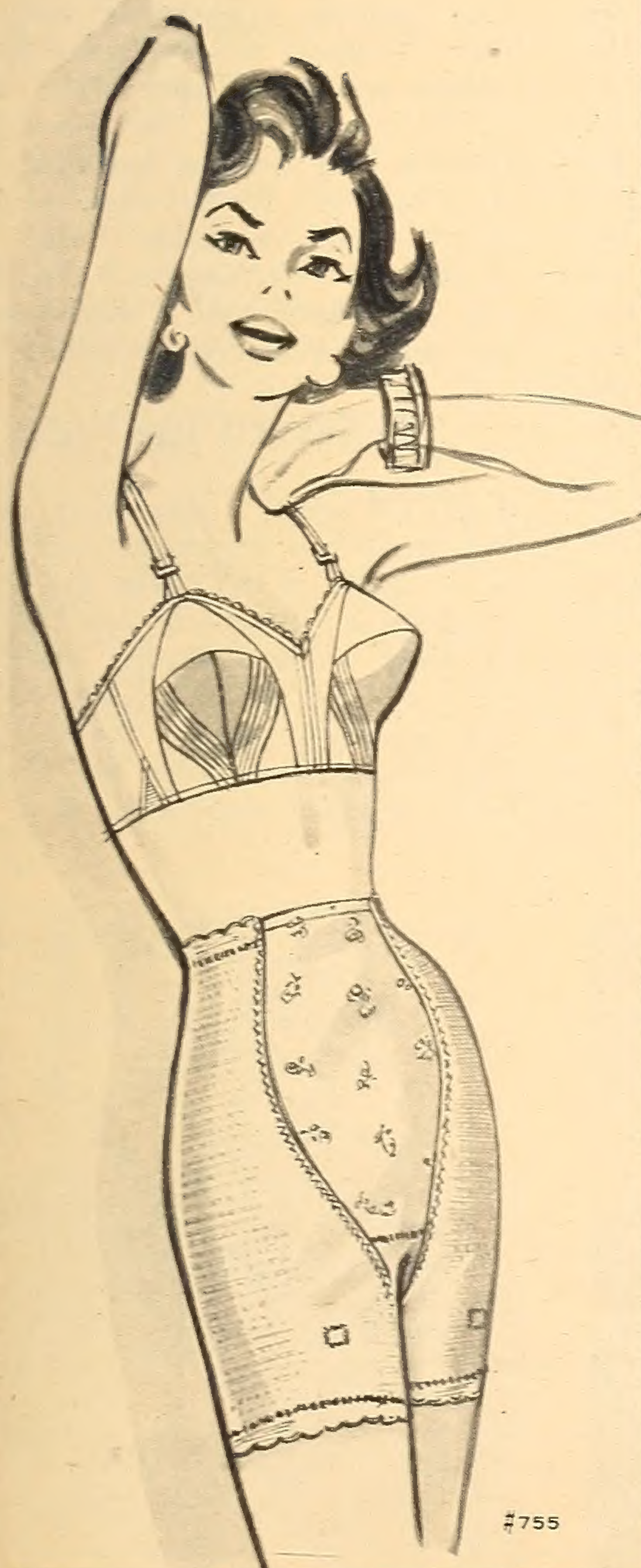
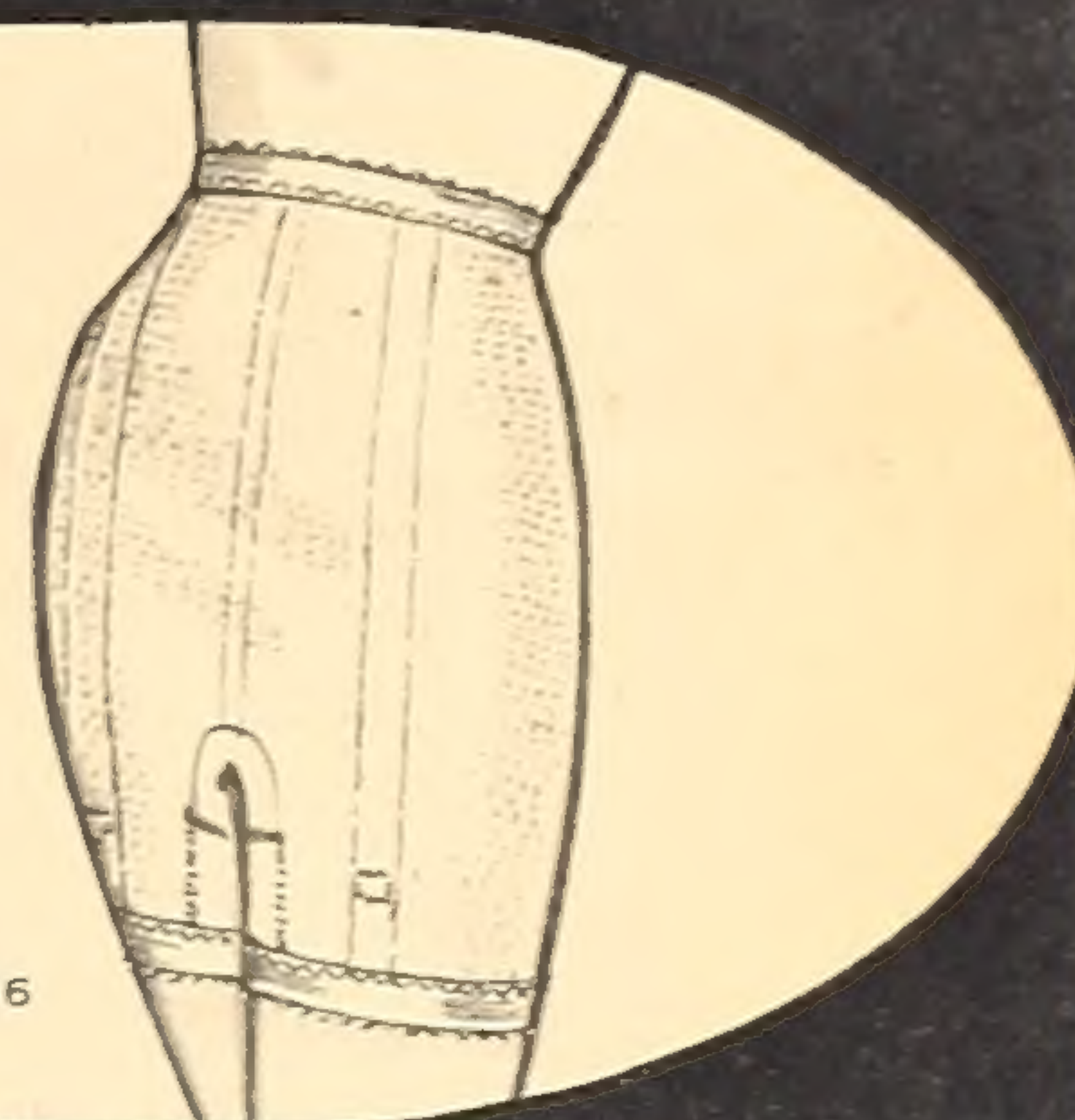
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Coming Attractions

BY RAHNA MAUGHAN

John Paul Jones

IT WOULD do the motion picture industry credit if producers were to discover the tremendous possibilities of American history as a source for story material. This travels in that direction but, unfortunately, the filmed biography of America's greatest naval hero and founder of the Navy's traditions, John Paul Jones, resembles an overlong documentary, with Robert Stack playing Jones with wooden sympathy. Starting at the age of 12 when he left Scotland and went to sea, Jones' life, until his death at 45, was steeped in adventure. From the moment he assumed command of his first ship, Jones was faced with political opposition. The country was new, and the men who ran it very often inexperienced. Nor did his love life fare much better. Bowing to parental demand, Erin O'Brien ended their romance when she became engaged to Macdonald Carey (Patrick Henry). Then, during a mission to France, Marisa Pavan proved to be of royal blood, making marriage to a commoner impossible. No expense was spared in telling of one of our nation's greatest heroes—an incredible fact when you consider how many amateurish scenes were permitted to mar this story of a brilliant naval career and an extremely courageous man. (Warner Bros.)



PARENTAL pressure forces Erin O'Brien to give up Bob Stack in "John Paul Jones."

For The First Time

IT figures that Mario Lanza should be playing a tenor who paddles about hot water until some soul-shattering experience heaves him back on high ground. Scheduled to sing at the Vienna Op House, Lanza, the pixie, keeps the audience, including Zsa Zsa Gabor, waiting while he entertains the peasants who were unable to get seats. The rich customers are so furious, Lanza's manager Kurt Kasznar, suggests the tempestuous tenor disappear for the nonce to some remote section of Capri. While atoning for his naughtiness, he meets young Johanna Von Koszian, beautiful, aristocratic and deaf. It's the magic combo that propels Lanza to noble deeds. Photographed all over Europe in Technirama and Technicolor, this is much easier to take musically than dramatically. (MGM)

Middle Of The Night

OFTEN when a stage play gets a Hollywood treatment, much is lost in the shuffle of translation. One striking exception is this superbly acted drama of an aging widower, Fredric March, who wants to forget the chill spectre of death and loneliness through the warmth of Kim Novak. Her needs are almost as acute. A model working for dress ma-



ROMANCE is stormy for Fredric March and Kim Novak in "Middle Of The Night."

facturer March, Kim's attitude toward men has been distorted by a past marriage based on biological attraction. As the romance between this ill-matched pair begins to gain momentum, each alternates from flights into happiness to agonizing soul-searching. Adding to their misery is family pressure from both sides. Finally, in an effort to end her uncertainty, Kim takes drastic action. . . . Certainly not the thing to do, considering the turmoil churning in March. Through all of this, March is magnificent, human and believable in his frailties and strength, and because of him, the final moments are a rich experience. This has great dignity and purpose, with none of the needless groveling in emotional dregs which much too often is passed off as drama these days. (Columbia.)

Ask Any Girl

ONLY something with the speed of a Grand Prix entry could keep up with this racy Metrocolor confection that stars Shirley MacLaine and David Niven. Because of the perils of keeping the wolf from the door, both financially and physically, Shirley wants to get married. She gets all sorts of offers, but nary a one that will ring the wedding bell. Wealthy playboy Rod Taylor offers weekend diversissements which bode no girl good. Gig Young, a partner with older brother Niven in a market research agency, has other plans for Shirley. Connoisseur of women, Young has a stable of fillies each suited to his whim of the moment. Shirley is the bland diet he uses to taper off from this exotic fare. In desperation, Shirley turns to Niven who agrees to help her hook Young. Niven will personally research all of Young's tidbits, find out their various specialties and pass on this intelligence to Shirley, who in turn will incorporate all into one prize package. Powerless against such potent tactics, Young is about to succumb, when Shirley makes an interesting and fairly obvious discovery. Very funny and very ribald comedy concerned with sex, and the bubbling versatility of Shirley. (MGM.)

Blue Denim

IT doesn't wear as well as the title implies. Based on the Broadway play, this is the sort of thing best left to its original presentation where it may be watched in proper prospective, not at a Saturday matinee with a bunch of kids to make of it what they may. Briefly, this deals with two very young people, Brandon DeWilde and Carol Lynley, and their discovery of sex. The reasons for this plunge into premature ecstasy are given as loneliness, not being understood by parents Macdonald Garey and Marsha Hunt, and just being spectators to a torrid necking session. Three months later, with the help of a school encyclopedia, Carol discovers she's pregnant. Again the

continued on page 61

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HOLLYWOOD LOVE LIFE

BY DOROTHY O'LEARY

★ Jim Garners celebrate anniversary with new home

★ Debbie Reynolds denying romance rumors

RICK'S PLANS—It's possible Ricky Nelson won't take his planned trip to Spain this Summer. He had wanted to see bull fights there but, just between us, his interest in bull fighting is waning. It's definite he is heading in the opposite direction to star in Hawaii's first State Fair. Parents Ozzie and Harriet, brother David go along, too, strictly as vacationers. This will be the first time they'll see Rick perform on a personal appearance; they've deliberately skipped this before so he wouldn't have the strain of "family in the audience." Surely Rick and Dave will go for the outrigger and surfboard sports—and the pretty girls on the beach at Waikiki! At home, David has been dating singer Connie Stevens and cute blonde TV actress Carol Byron. Rick has been very mysterious about a French chorus cutie he likes in Las Vegas but we know he's been up to see her a couple of times!

ABOUT KOOKIE—Since the record "Kookie, Kookie, Lend Me Your Comb" zoomed to popularity, both Edd Byrnes

and Connie Stevens, who cut the biscuit, have needed extra help answering fan mail. And Edd doesn't know what to do with all the combs his fans send him! Lots of Connie's mail says "You shouldn't date anyone but Kookie." Why not? Edd does not steady-date anyone; he plays the field. He's also been busy as Clint Walker's pal in the feature "Yellowstone Kelly," so you fans who think he's "the ginchiest" will be seeing him on the Big Screen soon.

YOUNG LOVE—Johnny Crawford, Chuck Connors' son in "Rifleman," has decided Janet Lennon of the Lennon Sisters is "cooler than cool, more than the most." But his love isn't reciprocated and he's pining away. Johnny, you see, is 13 and Janet is a giggly 12 who still thinks "boys are silly." That won't last!

SAL SHARP—You Sal Mineo fans will be interested to know that your boy who used to go for the beat-up-slacks-and-sweater look has become one of the smoothest dressers in town. He's going for well-pressed slacks with expensive sports



JUST having some fun says Debbie Reynolds of her dates with Bob Neal, here in Gotham.

coats and shirts plus scarfs, in the Cary Grant manner! Sal takes plenty of ribbing from co-stars Barry Coe and Gary Crosby of "A Private's Affair" for this but it doesn't bother him. He's been lunching a lot with Terry Moore, his vis-a-vis in "Affair," and dating Marianne Gaba.

BLOW UP—Barry Coe and Judi Meredith who were closer'n this had a big blow up but we expect they'll patch up their romance again. In a scene for the recent "But Not For Me," Clark Gable had to show Barry how to kiss Carroll Baker, according to script. So when Barry had a love scene in "Affair" with Christine Carere, he got a still photo of the clinch, sent it to Gable with a note, "Is this okay?" Christine, by the way, confides she writes a letter every day, even if she says merely "I love you" to her husband Philippe Nicaud who is working in Paris while she's here. He writes daily, too.

DETROIT DATE—Cindy Robbins, the sexy little blonde who does so well with Rock Hudson in "This Earth Is Mine," has
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YOUNG starlet Cindy Robbins at premiere with Bob Horton of "Wagon Train" series.



PRETTY Annette Funicello and date Kenny Miller are a part of a first-night audience.



WELCOMING Guy Madison back home again are wife Sheila, daughters Erin and Bridget.

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WHY Rock Hudson MAY NEVER REMARRY

Always unsure of himself, Rock waited

until he was 30 before marrying; today

he may not wish to risk failure again

SOME FEW years ago—this was before he married Phyllis Gates—Rock Hudson got a phone call one evening from a bouncy young starlet who asked him to escort her to a forthcoming Hollywood party. Rock agreed to go. The affair was a lavish, black tie production, given at Ciro's for an immensely powerful studio tycoon, and virtually everyone of any importance in Filmtown was vying to attend. The starlet who called Rock was only a minor figure as an actress, but she was also as avid and eager a headline-hunter as the town has known. After the party she beamed with satisfaction; she had successfully snared Hollywood's handsomest, most eligible and fastest-rising young male star to be with her when she made her calculated entrance at the party.

"The reason I asked Rock," she boasted to some studio friends, "was because he's so big and I'm so tiny, and his dark evening clothes, next to the gold lamé dress I wore, made me look divine. Yes," she went on gleefully, "I was smart to go with Rock."

"You picked an awfully nice man," commented one of her listeners. "I bet you had fun."

The starlet, whose thoughts were already on her next conquest, shrugged her pretty shoulders. "I didn't see very much of Rock at the party," she said. "The photographers kept me so busy."

Rock Hudson is almost always easy-going, gentle and reluctant to hurt anyone, but he must have been aware that he had been used. It is not on record that he ever escorted the ambitious young starlet to another public affair. His private emotions, however, were an altogether different matter. The memory of that party, for a man who dislikes social affairs anyway, was not easily erased.

For Rock, as his intimates know, hates being used for selfish purposes—a perfectly normal reaction in a decent man who despises any thought of trading on a friendship. He has an almost desperate fear of being maneuvered into an unfair position by feminine wiles. But most of all, he resents being possessed or "owned" by women too forceful or too domineering. It was probably this stubborn trait in him that made him once say, "I will never marry an actress."

Beset by such misgivings, it may be a long, long time before Rock Hudson marries again—if

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photos by Zinn Arthur, Topix

AFFECTIONATE hug is given to Julia Mead by Rock on the set of "Pillow Talk," a Universal production which co-stars Doris Day.

Everybody who knows Rock is sure that, given the right woman, he would make a happy marriage

ever. "I made mistakes," he said at the time of his separation from Phyllis Gates, "but the fault wasn't *all* on my side." Even today, Rock refuses to talk about his marriage, nor will he answer questions about his marital plans for the future. When he wants to be, he is the undefeated champion at keeping his lips clamped. "Anyway," he said, "they all try to marry me off. I just balk at talking about it any more."

Married life for the Hudsons was not "just one long, wonderful, sentimental journey," as an ecstatic woman writer cooed; it was, in some ways, a leap into a dark unknown for Hudson. His marriage was planned in such secrecy that Rock did not even confide in his mother. The story is that Rock's mother phoned him one evening and invited him over to her house for dinner.

"I'm sorry, Mother," Rock said, "but I won't be able to make it."

"Are you busy?" Mrs. Oleson asked.

"Well, the truth is," said her son, "I'm getting married."

Such reluctance to talk of his plans might have meant that Rock feared, from the beginning, that the marriage might not last. Rock has always vehemently denied that Henry Willson, his long-time agent, engineered the marriage, just as Willson himself has disavowed any major role in Rock's romance. But Willson, when pressed, told a writer, "Well, I think Rock needed a home. I felt he needed a Mrs. Hudson."

Later, after he and Phyllis separated, Rock reputedly indicated to an intimate that "he had married too late, that he had missed all the youthful, exciting years of married life, and he was so 'settled' that it wasn't easy for him to adjust." Rock was just a few weeks short of his 30th birthday when he

ABSORBED in his career during his 20's, Rock may have waited a little too long to make the transition to marriage successfully.



THE SHADOW of his mother's own two divorces and his father's leaving home when Rock was a boy has always hovered over him.

took a wife—apparently, in his own viewpoint, an old, settled, no-stars-in-his-eyes man too rigidly attached to the freedoms of bachelor life to make the transition from bachelor to husband successfully. It is an uncertainty that many single men feel, but Rock may have felt the uneasiness more keenly.

Not that Rock didn't try with all his will to be a good husband. Rock's boyhood chum, Jim Matteoni, who was his best man at his wedding, has said, "When Roy (Rock's real name, as most people know, is Roy Fitzgerald) came back to Chicago in March, 1955, I suddenly knew that, for the first time, he was willing to get married. Before, he hadn't wanted to commit himself because it seemed such an irrevocable step. Now, I got the impression that he thought he could make it with Phyllis."

As Rock himself has said, in one of his rare moments of self-revelation, "I like being married—especially in winter when the days are short, when it grows dark early and there are lights in the house, coffee on the stove, a big log burning in the fireplace and steps to walk up the hill."

It is the sentiment of a man to whom marriage has a real deep meaning.

Yet Rock hesitated during most of his early twenties to

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WHEN YOU'RE ALONE

*Neither cables nor phone calls
can fill the emptiness in
Christine's heart while she and her French
husband are parted by their careers*

photos by Gene Trindl, Topix



ALL ALONE in her Hollywood apartment, Christine does not date other men, goes out only in a group and then with close friends.

By FAVIUS FRIEDMAN

WHEN Christine Carere's father left home and family some years ago, her mother used to rock her unhappy little daughter in her arms and whisper, bravely, "Do not worry, *ma petite*; we women will get along by ourselves, won't we?" Only three then, Christine was still much too young to understand that a woman alone—a wife without her man—is no more than half a woman.

But she understands it now, when her beloved Philippe, her *own* husband, is far away in Paris, 6000 miles from Hollywood. And instead of the comforting touch of a familiar hand, there are only the empty nights in slow parade, and an aching loneliness that not even cables and daily letters and the trans-Atlantic phone can take away.

For Christine, luckily, it is only a temporary separation. Husband Philippe Nicaud, a big French stage star, works at the Theatre de la Madeleine in Paris, while she faces the cameras in Hollywood. Christine can say, each evening when she comes home from "A Private's Affair," the picture she is making at 20th Century-Fox, "Philippe, my love, we are one day closer to each other, *n'est ce pas?*" But it is hardly the same as being together—not when you have been married for so few months; less than two years, really—and when you have been so much apart from each other.

One can, of course, send off a cable to Paris, or even phone, but, as Christine has learned, each time you do, a small piece of your heart seems chipped away, and it takes days of emptiness to recover: "It is so costly to phone, in more ways than one," says Christine, wistfully. "Philippe's play, 'Reclining Figure,' is a big hit in Paris, and he cannot come over to be with me now. Fortunately, my mother looks after him, and even cooks the things he likes. They are warm friends, and they can talk about me, which is good. And I must not feel too sad; I tell myself to make the best of things. We are not going separate ways; we are building for our future. Yet we are very much

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in love, and it is not easy to be lonely and separated."

If she did not know that Philippe is constantly thinking of her, as she is of him, her life in Hollywood—despite many kindnesses—would be bleak indeed. "On Academy Award night," Christine said, "I went to the theatre with some friends. Just before I left my apartment, I received a cable from Philippe. 'Good evening,' he said. 'This is from your own Oscar.' And on Philippe's opening night of his new play, since I could not be there to wish him well in person, I cabled two dozen red roses. It was probably the first time in his life a woman had sent him flowers—he is, of course, a very charming and attractive man—but I thought it would be a good idea and very appropriate for, how do you say? the man who has everything."

Theirs has been a marriage of many interruptions. After the wedding ceremony at Notre Dame Auteuil, Christine and Philippe had only five days together before she had to leave for Hollywood and "A Certain Smile," her first American picture. Even then, Philippe had to rush back to the theatre on his wedding night. Nor was it possible for him to see his bride off at the airport when she left Paris. "He tried to telephone me from the theatre," says Christine, "but they would not hold the plane."

There was a honeymoon in Venice, finally, once Christine

had finished her picture; but, after a month or so, she was back again in Hollywood for "Mardi Gras." After that, Paris once more, in the new apartment she and Philippe were furnishing in Montparnasse; happy weeks together, knowing that she was to bear Philippe's child; and then the tragedy of losing her baby, and Hollywood again, for her third picture for 20th Century-Fox.

"All we have had, really, are a few brief months together," Christine said. "I was the loneliest bride in Hollywood. My first Christmas, I tried to reach Philippe on the phone, but the lines were all busy and I never did talk to him. I felt so lonely and so bad. I was with friends, and I wanted to go to Midnight Mass. But they told me the church did not have Midnight Mass, so we didn't go."

For a French girl who, up until a year or so ago, did not know a word of English, Christine has made astonishing strides in her second language. She has had studio assistance, of course, but she could have had a different kind of help—if she liked. Tiny, with a sexy body and huge dark eyes, Christine is only about 5 feet 2, or, as she says, "I stand one metre and 58 centimetres tall." She gives the appearance of being a teenager, an utter innocent.

"But," one of her co-stars, Brad Dillman, commented, "underneath the innocent, there is Christine the voluptuary."

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PORTRAIT of her husband, stage star Philippe Nicaud, is held aloft by Christine. They've had only a few brief months together.



come, I will give up my career if I have to"



CHRISTINE'S philosophy is to make the best of things until she can be with her husband. "You cannot permit sadness," she says.



ONCE her picture for Twentieth Century, "A Private's Affair," is completed, Christine rushes off for Paris and her Philippe.

VICTORIA SHAW AND ROGER SMITH

Meet the Smiths



That nice young couple next door are the Roger Smiths who, when not emoting before TV or movie cameras, are busy raising a couple of kids

photos by Curt Gunther, Topix



GREEN thumb is demonstrated by Roger on porch of his California ranch home (above). Later, the star of ABC-TV's "77 Sunset Strip" tries out a card trick (below).

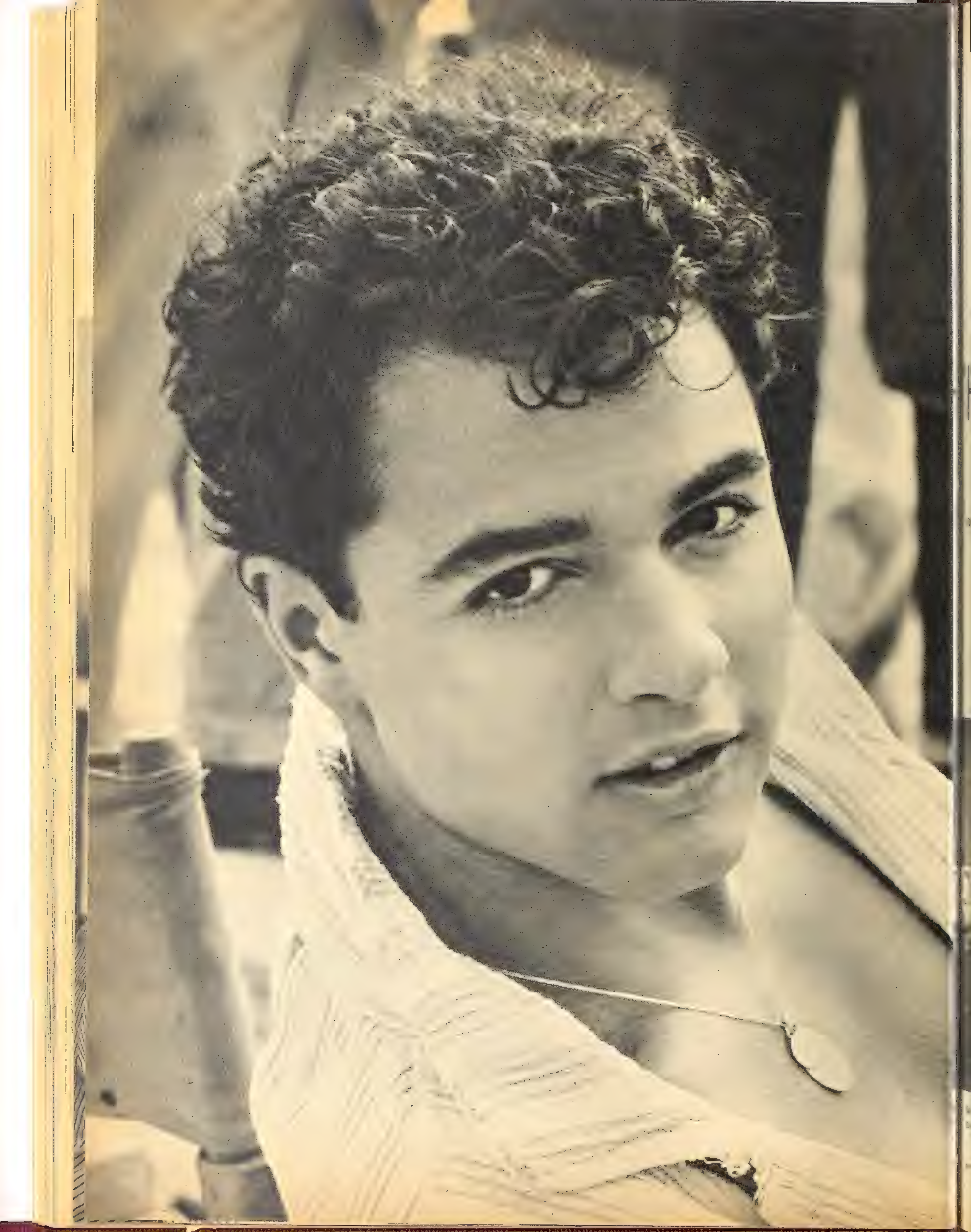


ROGER plays both the saxophone and guitar, but to judge from Vickie's expression, he could stand just a little more practice.



END

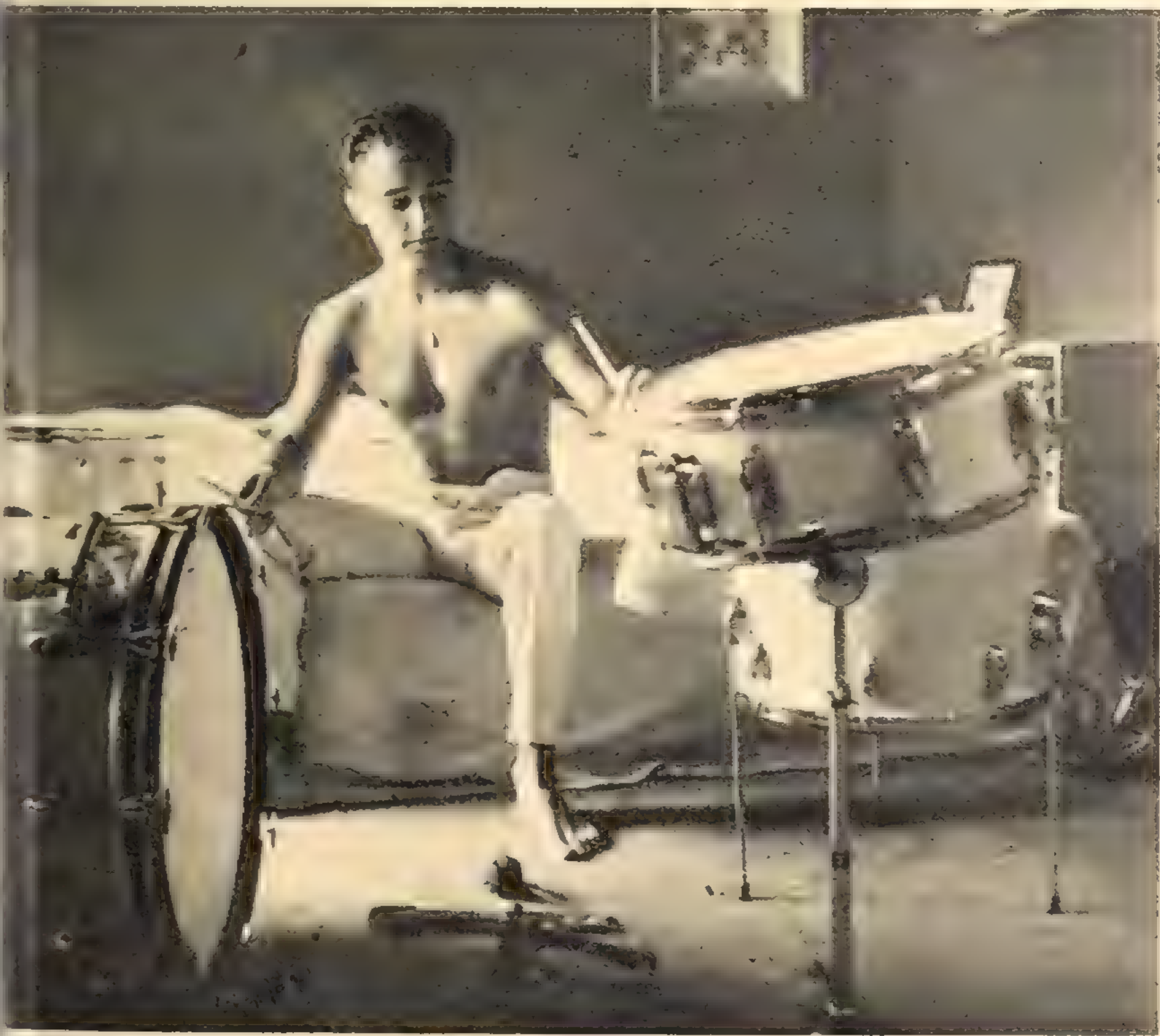
MR. AND MRS. Smith are the proud parents of a daughter, Tracey, 2, and a baby son, Jordan.



By SAL MINEO

Help me find a wife"

Sal's not interested in marrying an actress; he'd like to meet a girl outside movies who'll like him just for himself. He'll welcome suggestions



SAL believes actresses are too wrapped up in their careers to make good wives. Trouble is, he has so little time to meet others.

IT'S NOT easy for an actor to find a wife. In fact, it's almost impossible!

I don't mean it's hard to get married. Actors do it every week. The trouble is—they get divorced just as frequently, and that's what I don't want to happen to me. But that's precisely what would happen if I married an actress. I can tell that by my experiences with them already . . .

The other day, for instance, I was having dinner with an exciting brunette whose name is well known. We'd been out together quite a lot, and always had a good time, but we'd never had any serious discussions. There was no need for it. However, this time there was.

I'd had a difficult day at the studio. Some problems arose about my next picture, "A Private's Affair," as well as with my forthcoming trip to Australia. And I felt like talking about it. But every time I broached the subject, she had something more urgent on her mind about *her* career.

I could neither blame her nor hold it against her. If she wants to get ahead as an actress, she has to give the profession her all. It's that tough, that competitive, that time-consuming.

I don't mind as long as we are just dating. It's a different story when marriage gets into the picture.

Nor was this girl the exception.

About nine months ago, I had a big crush on another actress. We didn't get engaged—but we had reached the point where we discussed marriage in general.

She was all in favor of it, except for one condition: no children while she tried to get more fully established.

So why get married in the first place?

There was some such drawback with every actress I ever dated. One girl was so set on her appearance, because she "just had to make a good impression in

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THOUGH Sal might marry over his parents' objections, he would much prefer that the girl of his choice meet with their approval.



PRACTICE on the drums is for Sal's next movie, "The Gene Krupa Story." He relaxes playing symphonic music on his hi-fi (below).



"I am looking for a wife and if you are the girl, please write me about yourself," Sal pleads

public," that she hardly ever took her eyes off the mirror. Another one had but one interest outside her career: gossip. Still another would have made a perfect marriage partner if she hadn't been so obsessed with making every minute of her life count for her career. We never went to a party together unless she knew we'd meet a producer, director, newsman, or someone else who would be of value. What I liked best about her was her unfailing honesty. One evening I asked her, "Why do you even waste time going out with me?"

"Because I like you," she replied to my delight.

"But what are you getting out of it—professionally?"

She smiled, teasingly. "Haven't you read the columns today?"

"About the two of us having dinner together at the Scandia last night?"

There's your answer, Sal . . .

IT didn't mean she was going out with me just for that reason. But like everything and everyone else, every date with me had to count in some way.

I couldn't see a marriage based on that sort of relationship, either.

I also feel a girl who is not in show business will make a better wife because she doesn't expect so much from a fellow. To most actresses, a premiere, a party at Chasen's or Romanoff's, a mink coat or a T-Bird is not terribly exciting. If

she's pretty and successful, she'll probably have had her fill of those before I ever meet her.

How different was the Brooklyn girl I took to a premiere a few months ago.

When I picked her up at the tenement house where she lived, she suddenly became a Cinderella. Not just her parents but all her relatives nervously helped her get ready, and get a look at me, I suppose. She wore some sort of dyed rabbit coat which meant more to her than a mink to most actresses. And she was bubbling over with excitement from the moment I helped her into the rented, chauffeur-driven Cadillac, through the premiere, and the supper at the Copacabana afterwards. It was catching and intoxicating. I don't know when I had a better time.

The trouble is—it's so hard for me to meet girls like that, outside the movie industry.

During the past twelve months, the longest I ever stayed in one place was three months, and most of that time was taken up with work.

Much of my time is spent on personal appearance tours, and that hardly provides time to find out a girl's name.

Two years ago, I went to Miami. I met a delightful redhead and we got acquainted at least well enough to exchange addresses and promised to write one another.

Unfortunately, I'm a pretty poor correspondent, but I did

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BROTHER Mike shares a snack with Sal in their Hollywood home. Sal's new movie, "A Private's Affair," co-stars Christine Carere.





Unhappy Rebel

Embittered by the price she has paid for being a star, Kim is desperately striving to assert her independence as a woman

By NORA LEWIS

KIM NOVAK is one of the world's authentic beauties. In 1953, she made \$75 a week as an unknown film novice; today as a star she earns \$3000 a week. Five years ago she paid \$20 a week for room and board; today she is the mistress of a \$90,000 Bel-Air hilltop home given to her as a bonus by her studio. As a young girl she wore her sister's hand-me-downs. Recently, when she returned from a long stay in New York, Columbia Pictures had to send a special truck to the airport to pick up all of her luggage. As a shy, insecure youngster Kim confesses she chased after boys; today she has a dozen wealthy, eligible men here and abroad in love with her.

Despite all this, her close friends sense a tragedy in the making—another story of a star who has everything—and nothing. To hear Kim tell it, success sits uneasily on her head.

Her hauntingly lovely eyes cloud over as she sighs: "The people at my studio call me 'The Crier.' And I do cry a lot. I cry in frustration. Why don't they let me be *me*? Then the tears would dry up. But as it is now I feel like a piece of baggage. There's only one difference: they don't put labels on me."

The tearful fluorescent blonde and her studio have long been at sword's point. Until a month ago (when Columbia apparently decided it was getting nowhere in the uneven duel), Muriel Roberts, a studio publicist, was Kim's constant companion, ready to intervene the moment a reporter's questions took a personal turn. At the height of the screaming headlines last summer over Kim's romance with Rafael Trujillo, Jr., it was Miss Roberts and two shifts of publicity people who were installed in Kim's home to guard her around the clock. The studio sent to Chicago for the rebellious star's mother to aid in its campaign to hush the romance. It was also whispered that Kim was called on the studio carpet and issued a blistering set of instructions: 1. she was not to see Trujillo again; 2. not to talk to reporters; 3. not to keep the \$8500 Mercedes-Benz car Trujillo had given her; 4. leave immediately for virtual seclusion with her studio chaperone in New York.

"No wonder Kim Novak feels like a piece of baggage," remarked a close friend. "She's

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KIM IS currently starring in the Columbia film of the Broadway stage hit, "Middle Of The Night."

KIM NOVAK continued



photos by Gene Trindl, Topix

SUCCESS lies uneasily on Kim's head. It's given her an opulent home, but it has put restrictions on her freedom she resents.

Pressures of being a full-time movie goddess consume Kim and she knows little inner peace

been manipulated like a puppet on a string—a very valuable puppet, to be sure, but still an inanimate object. Kim is merely another in the long list of screen goddesses who, in gaining star status, has been asked to give up her friends, the right to choose her clothes, her living arrangements, what kind of car to drive, what night spots to pass up, even the type of man with whom to fall in love.”

As Kim, with fire in her eyes, explained, “The studio has been like a parent to me but some day every person has to stand on his own two feet. It’s like a teenage girl who starts to choose a dress and her mother says, ‘Oh, no, dear, that wouldn’t look good on you.’ The mother and the studio mean well but a girl must start making her own decisions. A lot of the bad publicity I’ve received in the past has been the result of someone else’s doing. Now I’m going to answer the questions myself. I may make some mistakes but they will be my mistakes.”

Hollywood’s glamour goddesses have always chafed at the price they must pay for stardom. At first a docile-seeming Kim accepted her lot in mournful resignation. Later, there was less of the plaintive childlike whimper and more of the prima donna’s war whoop. And always she has accompanied her rebellion with floods of tears.

EARLY in her career’s “docile” days, a co-worker revealed “Kim was told to move from her modest apartment to the Studio Club, a tightly supervised establishment for aspiring young actresses, on orders of the late studio boss Harry Cohn. Once for three months she was ordered to move into her studio dressing room, and never told why. For nearly three years, Harry Cohn allegedly called her every night to check on her whereabouts.

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LOVELY Kim takes acting lessons as often as she can. “I want to be a good actress, not merely a beautiful woman,” she insists.

HAUNTING eyes, wonderful cheekbones, a beautiful face that is coupled with a delectable figure have made Kim a famous star.







DATE at Whispering Waters Hotel in Palm Springs is Patti O'Quinn, a pretty miss, no mistaking that.

Hugh O'Brian says:

"I GOOFED!"

By VI SWISHER

*Hugh doesn't make mistakes
often, but when he does,
they're beauts; here are some
real-life boners that
Hugh would like to forget*

THEY HAD BEEN to a beautiful church wedding, and now Hugh O'Brian was driving his date to the home of the bride's parents for the big reception that followed.

When they reached the handsome house and went in, Hugh nodded a greeting to a couple of acquaintances among the milling guests. He introduced his date to a friend who came up to chat. Then the three of them went over to the bar and had a long drink—and a short conversation.

"Where are Bob and Jean?" Hugh asked, glancing around the crowded room.

His friend looked blank. "Who are Bob and Jean?" he countered.

"The newlyweds, you dope!"

"What newlyweds?"

Suddenly Hugh got that sick, sinking feeling that comes over you like a wave at certain uncertain moments.

He looked around again and realized that though there were a number of familiar faces present, the bodies that went with them weren't exactly clothed in what you could call church-going attire. Too many bare-back cocktail dresses. And not enough hats. Only three, counting his date's. Besides—no champagne.

Just then Hugh's friend grabbed a passing stranger by the arm.

"This is your host," he said, making the introductions.

Hugh gulped a greeting and added, trying to hide his embarrassment, "But

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HUGH O'BRIAN continued



Hugh is the first to admit it when he does make a blooper, refusing to pass the buck to anyone

isn't this address ninety-eleven thirty-twelve Hillock Road?"

"Oh, no," answered the stranger-host. "This is ninety-eleven thirty-twelve Hillock *Drive!* Hillock Road is up at the end of the block. It circles around the mountain before joining the Drive again, right where it started."

Hugh, who recounted the wacky tale of woe in his dressing room at Desilu Studios where he was making a Playhouse 90 film called, "Chain Of Command," shrugged resignedly.

"I goofed," he grinned. "Just plain goofed. But it turned out all right. My date and I drove up the hill and around the mountain to the wedding reception. We toasted Bob and Jean in champagne, and went back to finish up the evening at the other party—this time as properly, if accidentally, invited guests."

Despite this incident—and others—Hugh is the least likely candidate in town for goofs.

He's a demon about details . . . never forgets to wind his watch . . . keeps birthday lists . . . remembers anniversaries . . . writes thank-you notes . . . and pays his bills—on time.

HE isn't sure what started him off on this business of being so thoughtful and thorough, living his life with a place for everything and everything in its place.

"I guess—" he hesitated a moment, like a man on the point of making an embarrassing admission, "—I guess I must have a compulsion about wanting to do the right thing." He thought that over while he fiddled with some new pipes on his dressing table, and added, "Well, maybe it's better than having a compulsion to do wrong!"

No argument there. But even with his good intentions, every once in a while Hugh goofs. When he does, he refuses

to dodge behind the due-to-circumstances-beyond-our-control gambit, and admits he pulled a boner. He doesn't pass the buck, though he easily could, now that he has to delegate some of the details to his associates because he has so many things going since his ABC-TV "Wyatt Earp" success.

And he never makes the same mistake twice. No encores for O'Brian in the blooper department.

"Wouldn't you say once is enough for a booboo like this?" he asked. "It happened a while back when I was feeling my way along, trying to get something solid behind my characterization in 'Wyatt Earp.' I wanted it to be real and human, but I wanted it to be 'good theatre,' too. A director friend of mine let me use him as a sounding board, and he spent a lot of time listening to my problems."

"To thank him for his kindness I sent him a gift—a case of the best bourbon I could buy. Next day I discovered that he had just gone into Alcoholics Anonymous!"

Hugh thinks a minor goof can be worse than the major variety, especially when it involves someone of the opposite sex. A few years ago he had a bad time of it with a girl he'd been squiring around for a couple of months and who had begun to feel she had a secure place in his little black book. She confidently believed her name was inscribed there in indelible ink.

"I took her to a New Year's party," he remembered out loud. "By the time we arrived, everybody was already seated at our table for fourteen in the hotel ballroom. Most of the guys were bachelors who were there with their girl friends. As I recall it, there were only two married couples. That meant I had a lot of names to remember in introducing my date who had never met any of them."

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A CHAT with Patti O'Quinn (left) finishes off afternoon in the pool for star of "Wyatt Earp."

PATTI might just be laughing at one of Hugh's goofs—such as the time he forgot his date's name.



THE CHARM of O'Quinn is not lost on O'Brian as the two enjoy a coffee break at the Whispering Waters resort.

TUESDAY WELD

Thursday's Child

Nicknamed Tuesday though born on Thursday, Miss Susan Ker Weld is a 15-year-old combination of sex and sophistication that has nothing to do with adolescence

photos by Zinn Arthur, Topix



PENSIVE pose is struck by Tuesday on the Paramount lot where she played daughter of Danny Kaye in "The Five Pennies."

TUESDAY is a normal teenager in at least one respect—she can't resist asking a star, in this case Cornel Wilde, for an autograph.





HOLDING pet Angora cat, Tuesday has good reason to be happy: she's in new TV series, "The Many Loves of Dobie Gillis."

END



*This virile-looking six-footer with the million
dollar grin is the newest idol of the ponytail set;*

he's the movies'

Mr. Handsome

By MAXINE BLOCK

IT SEEMED that every pair of female eyes was turned in the general direction of the most handsome man in the huge dining room of 20th Century-Fox. Nonchalantly, 20th's "most handsome fella" lunched on a turkey, ham and swiss cheese sandwich. The question of dessert arose. Barry was undecided. First he said, "None for me, thank you," then, after a slight deliberation, he smiled up at the waitress, "A half-scoop of chocolate mint ice cream," and finally, as she turned to leave, "Better make that a whole *big* scoop."

While this handsome new star with the changeable grey-green eyes may not know his mind about dessert ("Some days food bores me"), he does offer his opinions on love, marriage and career with the most complete honesty. He speaks the truth as he feels it—a refreshing change from the all-sweetness-and-light pronouncements of a good many young actors anxious to make a favorable impression on reporters.

"Of course, I hope to marry," he replied to my question. "But when? To whom? That I don't know yet. And I hope I won't find out for a few more years. Right now, I'm busy 24 hours a day learning to act, following all the sports I enjoy, puttering around with all the hobbies that fascinate me.

"Anyway, I'm a pretty selfish guy," he said gravely. "I have my own apartment; I do exactly as I please; I come and go when I want. If I suddenly get a yen to go skiing up at Mammoth or Arrowhead—I pack my gear and go. If I want to spend a disproportionate amount of my income on practically every kind of sports equipment you can imagine, there is no one to stop me. I'm the last of the big little spenders when it comes to sports stuff." Barry's great big boyish grin lit up his tanned, athlete's face. "Sometimes I think I'm *too* selfish—too bound up with my own welfare to make a good husband.

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BEST GIRL Judi Meredith agrees with Venetia Stevenson that Barry "makes a girl feel like a queen." Barry's mum on marriage.

"Things like this," he continued in explanation of his so-called selfishness. "Some time ago, an old school friend from up north wrote he was coming to town. So, I invited him to share my apartment. He did. For some three months. I like the guy; we got on great. But, I'm telling you, I never was so glad to see anyone leave. He wasn't any bother; it was just that I wanted my place completely to myself." With a lazy, ingratiating smile, Barry put the question up to me: "Wouldn't you say I'm a pretty selfish and unsharing guy—hardly ready for the give and take of marriage?"

This reporter wouldn't say that, pointing out merely that there is a world of difference between a long-staying house guest and a permanent-staying wife.

Barry went on to explore the subject of children as a vital ingredient in marriage. He likes kids—he *thinks*. "But after spending a day with six active little monsters, aged two to seven, I just don't know," he says. "They're the youngsters of my twin sisters, Gayle and Beverly, and baby-sitting with them wears me to a frazzle. When they're older I can take them fishing and swimming but right now I just marvel at the patience of my sisters and brothers-in-law. And Gayle and Beverly married early—17 and 19—yet they have a mature sense of responsibility. Me? I don't know . . ."

Again, Barry neglects to consider the difference between someone else's kids—and one's own. But he is giving serious thought to the underlying problems of show business marriage. Barry feels that the real reason why actors frequently get all fouled up in this love and marriage business is that real love demands that you *give* of yourself. Actors don't have a five-day, eight-hour job like salesmen but are com-

pletely tied up to a very demanding career. "And let's face it," says highly intelligent Barry, "most of us actors are too interested in ourselves to give."

In the studio dining room with its full complement of good-looking young actors, Barry's boldly handsome good looks and virile physique continued to draw feminine eyes. The well-muscled, six-foot-one Mr. B. weighs in at 175. His fine skin gently tanned by the sun, summer and winter, his classically pure features and determined jaw are set off by a million-dollar boyish grin. So it's easy to understand that Barry has quickly become the answer to the collective prayers of the ponytail set and those considerably older; that he is considered the best-looking young man under contract to the studio. Casually, he establishes an instinctive and highly flattering rapport with a woman interviewer, appearing genuinely interested in her activities as she is in his. He is equally interested in his co-workers, it appeared, friendly and obviously well-liked, and on a first name basis with an unusually large group.

"**H**E HAS enough charm to stop a Black Widow spider before she strikes," declared a young actress who has appeared with him. But if Barry were just a smiling surface personality Joe like so many you meet in this town, he could be dismissed easily. Instead, he combines the "pretty boy" handle with acting talent, sensitivity and intelligence. And it is these qualities, demonstrated first in "Peyton Place," that have brought him a growing respect by the studio brass despite the terrific competition he has had from other young profiles right on his home lot.



ays Barry, but what girl wouldn't risk it?

"What I noticed about Barry first of all," a studio co-worker commented, "is that he always comes to the studio neatly groomed, his dark brown hair meticulously combed. In a time when many young actors follow the Beatnik trend of showing up here in rumpled sweat shirts and mussed hair, it's gratifying to see an actor who values personal appearance."

Barry is surprised that anyone would comment on his studio attire—dark suit or slacks and bulky sweater, plain white shirt and sparkling Italian shoes. "I believe," he says, "that acting is a business, like any other, and I wouldn't go to a business office looking like a hobo. A guy owes it to the people who work with him or to his school to be well-roomed. And to his date, too."

He recalled that when he was making "The Bravados," he had to let his hair grow long and keep a three-day beard for his role. As soon as he could, he invited his pals to a hearing party at the studio barber shop and served them beer and pretzels. "I was so sick of that excess hair and beard which was wrecking my dating schedule. Nor is it fair to a date whose gone to the trouble of getting all gussied up to fall on her looking somewhat like an unmade bed."

Barry admits that he's tidy around his apartment, too. Naturally when he's in a hurry he sometimes leaves clothes and sports gear around for a bit. But as soon as he can he takes time out to get his apartment shipshape. "Makes for more relaxed living," is the way he puts it.

From babyhood on, Barry himself has never stayed put very long. He was born in Los Angeles on November 26, 1934 (shortly after his mother, the late Jean Shea Heacock, attended a movie premiere), and his father was the late

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BARRY doubts whether he'd make good husband material. "Most of us actors are too interested in ourselves to give," he asserts.

SPORTS-minded Barry is fond of skiing, hunting and swimming. He's in "But Not For Me," with Clark Gable and Carroll Baker.



CAMERA bug, Barry has extensive equipment at home including the photo enlarger shown at left.



photos by Gene Trindl, Topix

*What happens when a "dedicated" actress
has a baby? In Joanne's case, she proved
beyond a shadow of a doubt that she's a*

Wife and mother first

By HELEN HENDRICKS

A FLUSHED, happy but fatigued Paul Newman rose to his feet, champagne glass in hand, in his crowded dressing room backstage at Broadway's Martin Beck Theatre after the opening performance of his hit play, "Sweet Bird Of Youth." He toasted his expectant wife, Joanne Woodward: "To my wife, who did me the courtesy of not going to the hospital tonight!"

Nor later did Joanne have her baby the night she was asked to play hostess to a gathering of show folk at a brilliant champagne party for her latest film, "The Sound And The Fury." But a week after, on Wednesday, April 8th, Joanne presented Paul with a beautiful, healthy baby girl. And grinned Joanne, "I did Paul the *additional* courtesy of having Elinor Theresa at 8 a.m. so he wouldn't miss the Wednesday matinee! He wanted a girl to be named for my mother and his, and like a docile wife, I gave him just what he wanted."

Well-organized Joanne even managed to feel the warning birth pang well after midnight so that Paul could finish his evening performance before whisking her to Mt. Sinai Hospital. "For months," she confessed, "I could see myself having the baby in a taxi hopelessly snarled during the dinner rush on Fifth Avenue."

Just before last Christmas, Joanne and Paul bid Hollywood goodbye for a year in Manhattan while Paul appears in the highly successful Tennessee Williams play. As Joanne explained at the time, "I married Paul to be with him. And I never could see much point, when two actors get married, that they should stay on opposite sides of the country because one is interested in the theatre primarily and the other in motion picture making. I know many acting couples do this but to me it sort of negates the whole point of being married."

"I never want to be apart from Paul for any length of time. When he went to New York to discuss the play while I was finishing

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MR. AND MRS. Paul Newman looked mighty unhappy the day they moved into their New York apartment.





What makes FABIAN fabulous



HOME life is precious to Fabian, here lending his mother a helping hand with spaghetti dinner.

Without any musical background or training, this 16-year-old zoomed to the top of the record world; his outstanding asset—magnetism

By HELEN BOLSTAD

JUST SUPPOSE that you are 14 years old, crazy about football, a little worried because you have just flunked music and, at the moment, you're out in the street in front of your house, energetically pegging passes at your best pal.

A strange man walks up to you and says, "You're a remarkably handsome kid. I'd like to make you a top recording star, a real teenage idol." What would you do?

And while you're supposing, put yourself in the place of the father of such a boy. Suppose, too, that for 15 years you have been a big city policeman and have a deeply furrowed knowledge of all the artful dodges which unscrupulous persons can use to entice teenagers into trouble or dupe their parents into parting with their life savings. Suppose your son runs in to shout, "Dad, there's a man out here talking crazy!" Again, what would you do?

It sounds like the opening gambit of a confidence game, doesn't it?

It is, instead, the literal description of the start of one of the most unusual careers in show business, a career that experts said couldn't be created.

Today when that "strange young man," Bob Marcucci of Chancellor Records, Philadelphia, speaks of the day when he discovered Fabian, he says, "I wouldn't have blamed his family if they had had me thrown in the clink. But Peter DeAngelis and I had just started Chancellor and we needed young artists. I looked at Fabian and I had a hunch. It was so strong a hunch that I had to act on it. It was lucky for me that instead of getting mad, Fabian's father, Domenic Forte, took the trouble to ask questions."

Says Domenic Forte, "Maybe it didn't sound quite so crazy to me as it might have to another father living somewhere else. This is South Philadelphia . . ."

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FABIAN'S features remind some of models used in Renaissance paintings. Below, he works out with exerciser to keep in shape.



FABIAN continued

His rare good look

To people in the music business, there is magic in the name. South Philadelphia is a cradle for stars. No one quite knows why. Drive through this clannish city-within-a-city and you will see little that is inspiring. You find mile after mile of narrow, two-story row houses. Most of them are the tidy homes of respectable second-generation Italians with some Jewish families intermingled. Many of the interiors are attractively modernized, but the facades of the houses remain drab. Only a few trees break the monotony of the endless streets. Yet as Bob Marcucci points out, "You can stand on that corner of Eleventh Street where Fabian lives and throw a rock and hit Mario Lanza's house, Eddie Fisher's house, James Darren's house and I can't name how many others. Frankie Avalon lives just a short distance away and South High School is full of kids who have cut records."

Fabian was one of the few South High kids who never expected to cut one. He didn't even care about trekking across town to the WFIL studios to dance at Dick Clark's "American Bandstand." He says, "It took too much time away from football practice. I was trying to get good enough so that I could make the team." For the future, his ambition was to become an engineer.

His parents, Domenic and Josephine Forte, approved. Ever since Fabian was born on February 6, 1943, they had shaped their own lives to assure a good future for him and his younger brothers, Robert and Thomas. Domenic pounded a beat as a police patrolman until two years ago when a serious heart attack compelled him to take a leave of absence from the force. Josephine was so devoted and protective a mother that she would not even permit her sister to baby-sit with the children. She either took them with her wherever she went or she stayed home.

In a close-knit, loving family, anything which affects one affects them all. When Bob Marcucci said to Fabian, "I want to make you a recording star," Domenic Forte's immediate concern was to find out about Bob Marcucci. What kind of a man was he?

His very first information was reassuring. His neighbors, Mr. and Mrs. John Palmieri, told him, "Bob's a grand guy. He was our best man. We've known him all our lives . . ."

THE story they told about him was a triumph of determination. Those two South Philadelphia high school boys, Bob Marcucci and Peter DeAngelis, weren't much older than Fabian when they decided they were going to write music. They persisted through years of discouragement and gained their first real foothold in show business when they joined with the Avalone family in managing a series of teenagers' night clubs as a showcase for the talents of Frankie Avalon who had already scored nationally as a juvenile trumpet virtuoso. They discovered, too, that Frankie also had a voice and coached him to record top hits.

Could they do the same with Fabian?

Domenic Forte doubted it. "Why Fabian?" he asked. "He has never sung a note. In fact, we're probably the only non-musical family of Italian descent in South Philadelphia."

Bob answered with another question. "Have you ever really looked at him?"

Fond as he was of his son, Domenic Forte was not impressed. Handsome features are, for them, too usual a family characteristic to cause comment. The Fortes come from the northern part of Italy, a district where many of the Renaissance artists found their best models. You'll find similar faces in the old masterpieces.

Bob persisted. "There's something about him . . . Maybe

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caught the attention of teenagers almost immediately, caused near riots in several U.S. towns



MRS. FORTE laid down the law: Fabian could pursue a career as a singer provided he also maintained his grades in high school.

photos by Al Wertheimer, Topix



River Boat Gal

*Brought up on a Mississippi
showboat, Kathy is a
thoroughly unconventional young
lady who knows what
she likes about everything*

By HELEN LOUISE WALKER

"I AM SICK and *tired* of all those stories in the magazines which say that I am lonely and unhappy, living alone. It simply is not true. I spend my time being happy and thinking about being happy. I'd be a lot happier if people would stop prying this way!"

This was Kathy Nolan, the "Kate" of "The Real McCoys" and she seemed downright truculent on the happiness bit. "I *am* happy!" she reiterated, and although we tried not to peek, we could have sworn that she bit her lip over that statement. She went on, "My father is here for a couple of weeks . . . he is a veteran actor, you know . . . and we are having a wonderful time. We have so much to reminisce about. It was my dad, you know, who taught me to have a mind of my own!"

And a mind of her own she has, this petite, bronze-haired girl, as Hollywood and TV have been finding out.

From her background you might think that she was a character out of an Edna Ferber novel. This is because of her beginnings on a Mississippi River showboat . . . and I'll bet you have never met a girl who grew up on one. But Kathy did. Her father owned it (The Golden Rod) and Kathy was carried before the showboat audience at the tender age of 13 months. She stayed with it, progressing from character to character until she was a lovely leading lady at 16. Tutors kept up her education through these years. After that she went ashore and to various schools.

"You see, I got to know a great many people but never to know anyone very well. So I had to learn to cope with them, to accept them and to make them accept me. I had to learn to *deal* with them."

A firm little chin indicated that when she

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KATHY likes to cook but seldom goes by the book. She prefers to experiment with her own concoctions.



"I shall have a home soon," Kathy says, "and I shall have dog and a garden and birds—the things I haven't had all my life"

said "deal" she meant "deal" on her own terms. Kathy is not a girl to compromise.

What she had to "deal with," of course, was that she seemed "different" to the other teenagers in her schools. A girl who had grown up on a river boat! And teenagers can be pretty cruel to anyone who is "different." But Kathy wound up as cheerleader at St. Louis High School and she also wrote for the school paper. "I had to make them see that my life was glamorous instead of 'queer,'" she says. Which, of course, it was. But Kathy was on her way. She had learned to "cope" and she had learned to be a person.

"I had learned to be aggressive," she reflects. "Otherwise I'd have been just a blank. And I had no intention of being a blank!"

"After that," she said, "I went to New York to stay with my sister and go on with my career."

Kathy, you see, never had any doubts about her career. She *knew*. But despite the determined little chin and her lifelong experience in show business, she had many of the vicissitudes other ambitious girls have experienced there . . . the stint as a salesgirl in a small shop, the period as a waitress, the time she spent as an usherette at the Palace when Judy Garland was electrifying that venerable theatre. But Kathy doesn't daunt easily and she knew her abilities. "I'll *make* them accept me,"

she said, as she had before when a school girl. And they did.

Presently there were small parts on radio and TV and then the role of the sister in the ABC-TV series, "Jamie," with Brandon de Wilde. And then . . . her dreams beginning to come true . . . the role of "Wendy" with Mary Martin in "Peter Pan" on Broadway, no less. She flitted happily about in that charming production during its two-year run and then played the same role in the two TV productions. Kathy was set. And not at all surprised, we might add! She *knew*.

And then to the West Coast where she assumed the role of "Kate" in "The Real McCoys." A bit different from "Wendy" but satisfying.

"I always have a course plotted ahead," she confided. But I shan't tell you right now about what I plan next in my career, although it is definite. What I am doing right now has to do with my personal life. I am furnishing an apartment and planning to buy a house."

She wasn't about to compromise on either of these projects either, although there were any number of people standing by, offering her advice about "periods," "themes" and so on.

"I know what I want," said Kathy. "I want antiques and I want to shop for them, myself. I am an old-fashioned girl, I guess, and these things mean something to me. Perhaps the roots I never really had growing up on a river boat."





HER apartment is being furnished mainly with antiques. "I want things around me that give me thoughts."

SHE LIKES men who will fight with her a little bit. "A man has to stand up for his opinions," Kathy explains.

So she haunted the dusty, cobwebby shops which abound in these parts, picking up the things which would "mean something to her," selecting a table here, an old chair there, often astounding the proprietors of these dust-bins with her knowledge of what was good and what was not. "Things have to have character," she said. "I can tell. I want things around me that give me *thoughts*."

So she bought a conglomeration (her own term) of things which gave her thoughts. An old-fashioned brass bed of which she is particularly fond, a Queen Anne table, a Directoire divan, some pieces in cherry and mahogany, shutter floors and white wall-to-wall carpeting.

"I have used a lot of lavender (it's a happy color) and green (it seems to go with success) and gold, just because it seems to have joy in it. I wear some of these colors, too, as I'll tell you later.

"About the house for which I am shopping . . . it will be old, it will have been lived-in and loved and when I see it there won't be any doubt. I shall just say, 'Kathy, this is your home.' I know it. No one is going to tell me or advise me."

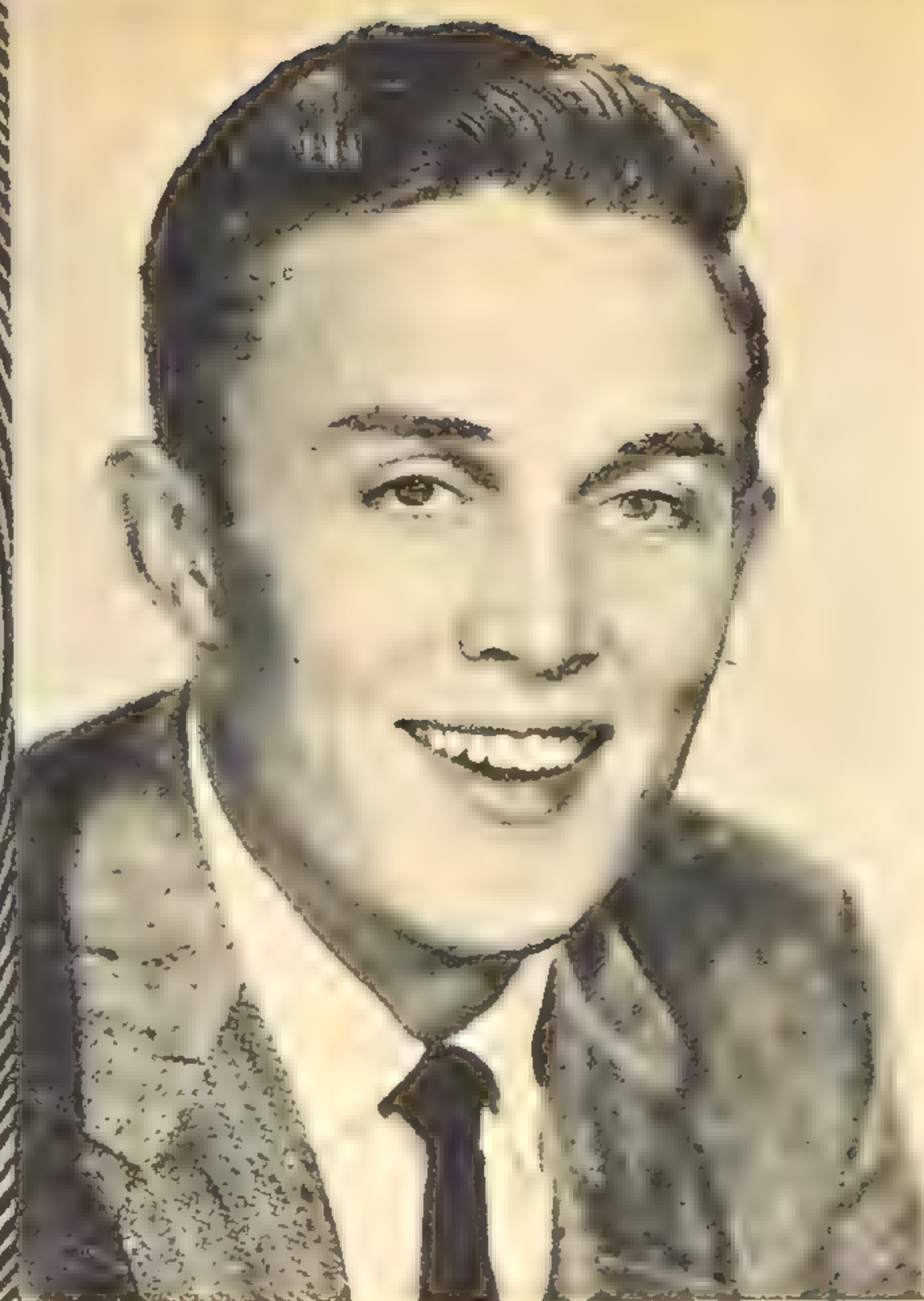
SHE likes to go to parties . . . sometimes. But guess what she likes much better. She likes to baby-sit! And she does it consistently for such people as Budd Schulberg, Rita Hayworth, Kathy's own doctor . . . oh, various people. And if she can't find enough friends to baby sit *for*, she sometimes borrows children from an orphanage. This is true. The girl really does this.

"I just like to have babies around me," she says, simply. "I'd like to have ten of them of my own, some day."

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let's look at ● the RECORDS



Reviews of new discs by JIMMY DEAN, CBS-TV star

THOSE three young comrades in song, **The Playmates**, are having themselves a ball on their latest Roulette LP, "Cuttin' Capers." The Playmates made their mark with "Jo-Ann" and "Beep Beep" and are back at their favorite beat, scoring with numbers such as "The Thing-A-Ma-Jig," "Women Drivers" and "Bag Of Sand." There are nine other numbers cut from the same slice of musical life. . . . **Rosemary Clooney** is at home with a 100-piece orchestra, vocal group, jazz ensemble, or with a simple Hammond organ background. The latter is what's supplied on Rosie's latest album, "Swing Around Rosie," on the Coral label and very good. Rosemary and the **Buddy Cole Trio** establish close rapport on a number of not-so-familiar evergreens—"Goody Goody," "Moonlight Mississippi" and "Sing You Sin-ners". . . . **Debbie Reynolds'** Dot recording of two class ballads, "I Can't Love You Anymore" and "Love Is A Simple Thing" is a two-fold demonstration of what makes Debbie big, big, big at the box-office. . . . Some of the wildest sounds heard in these parts in a long, long time are created by the fertile brain of **Esquivel** and are translated by his orchestra into sound spectaculars in a new Victor album, "Exploring New Sounds in Hi-Fi." We are willing to risk a small wager that you have never, and we mean never, heard "familiar" tunes such as "My Blue Heaven," "All Of Me" and "Lazy Bones" transformed into such unfamiliar offerings.

Frankie Avalon has gone further in a shorter space of time than any singer within memory. His Chancellor waxing features a big ballad, "A Boy Without A Girl." The flip side, "Bobby Sox To Stockings," is targetted on the teenage set and is right on the mark. . . . **Tony Bennett** plus **Count Basie** add up to plenty of swingin' things in the Roulette LP "Basie-Bennett." Tony and the Basie Orchestra are strictly compatible as they shoot some adrenalin into the well-weathered hides of such oldies as "Jeepers Creepers," "Chi-

cago" and "Strike Up The Band" . . . Latest in a growing list of **Mitch Miller** Sing-Along records and probably the best one to-date is "Folk Song Sing-Along With Mitch." Coming complete with tear-out song sheets, the Columbia album is the record industry's answer to the movies' bouncing ball. It's perfect to thaw out a party. . . . **Tommy Edwards** has another big one going for him on the M-G-M label. It follows the ballad formula that has been so successful for Tommy in the past, pairing a new ballad, "It's Only The Good Times," with a grand old standard, "My Melancholy Baby." Either side is worth the price of the "45".

Peggy Lee has things going at a "Fever" pitch on her new Capitol etching. "Hallelujah, I Love Him So" has enough of the flavor of Peggy's famous "Fever" recording to give it a good chance of hitting it big. It's backed up with a pleasant ballad, "I'm Lookin' Out The Window," but "Hallelujah" is the side that will get the plays. . . . It had to happen, so, naturally, it did. **Mundell Lowe**, a fine jazz guitarist, and a group of equally fine sidemen have put out a Camden LP labelled, "TV Action Jazz." Name your favorite private eye, his theme music is represented in this album—"Peter Gunn," "77 Sunset Strip," "Mike Hammer"—music for the super sleuth makes super jazz for Mr. Lowe and crew. . . . We don't know for sure but we're reasonably certain that the **Mickey Mozart Quintet** bears no relation, either lineal, musical or what have you to Wolfgang. We do know, however, that their Roulette "45" of "Little Dipper" and "Mexican Hop" is mucho kicks. . . . **Quincy Jones**, who's done some fine arranging for the Count Basie band, has his own aggregation these days, and if its new Mercury recording is any indication of what to expect from the Jones group in the future, the prospects are bright indeed for a resounding success. Quincy's dual offering, "Marchin' The Blues" and "Choo Choo

Ch' Boogie," has a strong beat and a sound. . . . That "Volare" man is again. In response to popular demand **Domenico Modugno** has put out an Decca LP titled, appropriately enough, "Encore." The numbers are almost all composed by Domenico and are in Italian but they still have that international appeal that transcends language barriers. All we can say is "Bravo."

Jimmie Rodgers, Roulette's "Guitar (Record) Boy, has another two-part LP to success. The not-so-secret ingredients are Jimmie's million-dollar vocal range and the back-to-back etching of a fine ballad, "Wonderful You," and the tempo, "Ring-A-Ling-A-Lario." Take your pick; the beats vary but the quality remains Grade "A". . . . One of the most unusual recordings we've heard in a while is the Carlton LP of the original music from the Broadway stage musical "Rashomon." Although the themes are completely Oriental, composer-conductor **Laurence Rosenthal** has used a variety of instruments to achieve his effects, including an African antelope horn, Turkish cymbals and a South American frame drum—all legitimate means to an end, and, we feel, successful end. . . . Put **Fitzgerald** within singing distance of songs like "Stairway To The Stars" and "I'm Through With Love" and you'll get the makings of a fabulous "45." That's just what Verve did and that's just what they got. Ella is the undisputed queen of female vocalists so we've come to expect wonderful sounds from her, but this disc is about as close to perfection as we're liable to hear. . . . After the fantastic success **Brook Benton** had with his ballad "It's Just A Matter Of Time," it was a matter of time before Brook pressed his first album. The Mercury LP contains the "Time" ballad plus eleven standards including "The Nearness Of You," "Volare," "I Fall In Love" and "I'll String A Tune With You." As you can see the mood is strictly romantic, to which we have no objections whatsoever. . . . **Connie Francis** has developed a knack with a song that seems to turn average material into a seller fodder. Her new M-G-M couplet of "Frankie" and "Lipstick On Your Collar" transforms two-not-too-unusual tunes into red-hot rockin' items. . . . **Tony Martin**, who never had it so good, is turning out some sparkling vocals as he rides on the crest of a huge popularity wave. His Victor recording of "Sing A Little Better Than Wrong" and "The Year Of Our Love" is soft-sell singing at its best. Tommy's off and winging into the ranks of today's balladeers. . . . The biggest splash on the current musical scene is being made by a 16-year-old Italian boy from South Philadelphia who carries the single moniker of **Fabian**. Fabian's new Chancellor album, "Hold That Tiger," promises to be a tiger over the record counters with a big rockin' beat running throughout. It's an important new album for an important new singer.

Hollywood Love Life

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touring for the film's openings. Be-
she left she'd been dating Robert
Lagon Train" Horton a lot. Then he
on a rodeo tour. They think they'll
Detroit at the same time and plan
reunion. Anyway, they're hoping!

WILDERED DE WILDE—Brandon
Wilde had been going steady with
Trompeter, a 15-year-old model in
York before he came back to Holly-
for "Blue Denim." But working
day opposite Carol Lynley sparked
ark and these 17-year-olds became in-
tated in each other. They lunched, went
the beach and movies, to Disneyland
Marineland together. One day she
"went domestic" and cooked lunch
im in her dressing room: hamburgers
on a hot-plate! Brandon felt guilty
t the whole bit, wrote his Bonnie he
dating Carol. He had an uneasy five
until he had a letter from Bonnie
tag "I understand. So now I'll date
boys until you return." In typical
fashion, Brandon wasn't happy about
last sentence!

TE-GO-ROUND—Sandra Dee isn't
ag Lindsay Crosby any more, says she
"older men" and isn't steady dating!
graduated from studio high school,
red her diploma from Los Angeles
ersity High with the regular class
... Lin Crosby, betimes, has re-
ed dating June Blair who's best beau
been Dick Sargent: Did you know
is that rarity, a natural redhead? In
ol her chums called her "Red." But
gone ash blonde for "Best Of Every-
g" ... Bob Evans, who plays a real
in "Best," has "discovered" Stella
ens, that Jean Harlow-ish platinum
de who has a role in "Blue Angel."

RE "BLUE" NEWS—That very
chic girl who's been watching the
scenes between Curt Jurgens and
Britt on the "Blue Angel" set is
s bride Simone. She was one of the
t famous fashion models in Paris.
asked her husband not to visit the
when she sang "Falling In Love
in," which Marlene Dietrich made
ous. "I'm no singer," says May. But
her voice you'll hear—no dub-in.

VE STORY—It reads like fiction
it's true, the love story of Glenn
bett and his wife. They married young,
took a job as a gas station attendant to
nce her way through UCLA. Then she
a job teaching in a high school near
Angeles so he could quit work and try
get established as an actor. Glenn
lly made the grade, was signed by
umbia a few months ago, has made
e Crimson Kimono," "Man On A
ing" and now goes into "The Mountain
ed" with James Stewart. The Corbetts

expect their first baby soon so Mrs. C. will
stop teaching and let Glenn be the bread-
winner again. Watch this lad go!

DENIALS—Debbie Reynolds admits
she's had dates with Texas oil man Bob
Neal, but they're not real dates, says she.
"I knew Bob even before I was married.
he's an old friend. Besides, I'm too busy
for romance," she adds. . . .

BUSY GIRL—Janet Leigh and Tony
Curtis once again are co-starring, this
time in the comedy, "Who Was That
Lady?" Janet will portray Tony's wife and
their friend Dean Martin will be seen as
Curtis's best friend. Very chummy. In real
life, Mrs. Curtis has been busy preparing
for the wedding reception she and Tony
gave at their home for friends Barbara
Rush and publicist Warren Cowan. To
make with the music at the gala party
they had Shelly Mann and Hank Mancini.

HAPPY COUPLES—After Bob Wag-
ner finished "Say One For Me," he and
wife Natalie Wood took off for a cruise
on their boat to Acapulco before she had
to report for work co-starring with James
Garner in "Cash McCall." Bob has re-
named the boat Natalie. It formerly was
"My Other Lady." . . . Jim and Lois
Garner celebrate their third anniversary
in August by moving into their newly
purchased home in Bel Air. They've been
apartment dwellers.

BABY TALK—John Wayne, already
a grandfather, is very happy that his wife
Pilar is expecting another baby. Their
daughter Aissa is now 3. So Duke joins
Bing Crosby in the grampdad department;
Mrs. C. also expects their second baby. . . .
Jeff and Dusty Hunter named their son
Henry Herman McKinnies II, recognizing
Jeff's legal name.



AFTER attending premiere, Bob Stack and
Rosemary Bowe top off evening with supper.

SPLITS—It was a real shock to Glenn
Ford fans when wife Eleanor Powell filed
for divorce after 16 years of marriage.
... Ditto when Cliff and Cynthia Robert-
son separated only three months after the
birth of their baby. Cliff immediately de-
parted for Europe to make a film. . . .
After several split-ups, Dick Long and
Mara Corday have once again reconciled;
to celebrate, they are redecorating their
house. Hope this time it works! Dick has
the lead in "Bourbon Street Beat," a new
hour-long TV show you'll be seeing this
Fall. . . . Mickey Rooney was divorced by
his fourth wife, Elaine Mahnken, promptly
announced he'd already wed Barbara Ann
Thomason via a Mexican divorce.

MAGGIE A BRIDE—Seems like just
yesterday that Margaret O'Brien was tug-
ging at our heartstrings portraying sad
little waifs. Now she's 22, a grown-up
actress and will be married August 8 to
Robert Allen, an art student, in a big
church wedding. Anna Maria Alberghetti,
who recently cancelled her plans to wed
Buddy Bregman, will be a bridesmaid.

SHORT SHOTS—Ray Danton is sum-
mer-stocking "Bells Are Ringing" in New
Jersey and wife Julie Adams has been
offered "Streetcar Named Desire" at the
Westport, Conn., strawhat theatre. She'll
take it if it will coincide with Ray's
Jersey dates. . . . Hugh O'Brian went from
Paris and dates there with Ariana Ellers
to French Equatorial Africa to wind up
his vacation before starting his new sea-
son's "Wyatt Earp". . . Gordon and Sheila
MacRae, both teenagers when they mar-
ried, celebrate their 18th wedding anni-
versary. . . . Suzy Parker, back here for
the first time since her near-fatal accident
—and pretty as ever—has her French
husband, Pierre de la Salle, with her while
she makes "Best Of Everything." Pierre
has an assignment from Paris "Match" for
a big, big story on big, big Los Angeles
that will require many weeks of research.
Suzy is happy about the whole deal. **END**



FRANK Sinatra and Martha Hyer are among
Hollywood celebs at a glittering first-night.

Why Rock May Never Remarry

continued from page 17

choose a wife and settle down. There were career problems, of course. During Rock's first years in Hollywood he was far from being the big star and the big money-maker he is now. Understandably, he did not wish to burden a wife with the problems and pressures of a young man trying to carve out his future. Urged to set a date when he might possibly marry, Rock said, carelessly, "Oh, maybe when I'm 30." He thought that this arbitrary figure—30 seemed so very far away—would keep the persistent and the curious out of his private life.

THERE were girls around—beautiful girls—but Rock just couldn't make up his mind. "It seemed almost as though he were fearful of taking the final step," said one acquaintance. "His picture career, for the first time in his easy-going, unplanned life, gave him something to be really happy about. Marriage might take this new-found happiness away."

He dated, among others, script girl Betty Abbott, actresses Terry Moore, Piper Laurie, Vera-Ellen and Lori Nelson, and at one time his great enthusiasm was for the exotic, very sophisticated and older Gene Tierney. But he wasn't too serious about any of them. Piper Laurie said of him, "Rock just likes to laugh and live it up—everything's for fun with him." When a columnist asked Rock what he looked for in a girl, his answer was, "A good time."

"What's wrong with that?" he wanted to know. "I go for girls who like to laugh. I like girls who tackle my steaks and salads with hearty appetites. I find that's the way they invariably tackle life—with gusto."

Some of his purported romances, admittedly, were pure publicity—or at least they started that way. Said one reporter, "The Vera-Ellen romance was studio-inspired in the beginning, then became more serious, until finally neither could decide whose career was to be more important in the marriage. Vera-Ellen didn't want to give up her career, and Rock was just starting. They decided they'd better wait."

Rock has said, "Vera-Ellen and I were engaged, but never set the date publicly. We planned to elope without telling a soul. But I didn't marry her because I couldn't make up my mind. Why get involved in something of which you're not really sure?"

Another version of the incident is that Vera-Ellen felt she needed a man she could lean on, and Rock was too absorbed in building his own career. "So," said a friend, "she called it off."

Later, Rock began spending a lot of time with script girl Betty Abbott. He had met her on the set of "Bright Victory," and the two became warm friends almost at once. Betty was good for him,

and Rock was fiercely loyal. Once, when a big studio executive's wife phoned Rock and asked him to escort her to a premiere, Hudson explained he couldn't go; he had a date with Betty. The executive's wife was furious. "Do you mean to tell me," she cried, "that you'd rather go out with a script girl than with me?"

It was not a happy experience for Rock, and made him feel, even more bitterly, that he could never cope with the possessiveness of Hollywood women. Betty, on the other hand, made no demands on him. She and Rock had fun together, and he even admitted that his mother liked her. But in the end, Rock became uncertain again. He and Miss Abbott broke up because, as he told one friend, "Betty seems to analyze things too much."

Did Rock put his career ahead of matrimony? Or was he, simply, too unsure of himself to attempt so serious a step as marriage? To his fans who were urging him to get married or explain why not—an intrusion into Rock's private life that was surely unwarranted—Rock could only say, "I'm too busy even to get a haircut. I wouldn't have time for a wife."

There had been, of course, the tragedy of his mother's own two divorces, and his misery as a child when his father left home, never to return. An only child, a shy, almost too-handsome lad with long, dark curls, Rock was undoubtedly left with scars after his parents separated. For years, said friends, Rock felt a sense of personal guilt because his father, with whom he was very close, deserted him and his mother.

AS a boy in Winnetka, Illinois, he was in and out of jobs which never lasted more than a few days. "I worked just long enough to put a buck and a half in my pocket," he said. "If I had three or four dollars a week to spend, I was happy."

In Hollywood, he was shy, uncertain—"the most unlikely guy in the world to be a movie star." He had no faith in himself; he was frightened of people—scared that he would never quite know what to say. There were times, in his early career at Universal, when Rock would sneak into the commissary, slouching, hoping his 6 feet 5 wouldn't be noticed. "And every time I heard a grip laugh on the set," said Rock, "I was sure he was laughing at me."

One of Rock's directors said of him, "Rock is just a big kick-the-dirt boy, a bashful lover. He's best when he grins." And Rock himself has said, "I like to play love scenes, but I confess I find them terribly difficult. I'm always ploughing in and smashing up their makeup."

But there was a greater fear—a fear of never being quite good enough. He had always felt plain-looking and unattractive ("My eyes are just a shoe-polish brown," he has said), and as a

boy, when he dreamed of becoming actor, a part of him kept saying, "a movie star? Listen, stupid; don't be a fool of yourself."

Stardom came, but sometimes late at night he couldn't sleep. He *looked* rough and invulnerable, but he was probably one of the least tough and invulnerable people in Hollywood. He could never really believe that he was an actor. "Actually," he said once, "I can't act. I do any real acting. I just stand in front of the camera and smile." A photographer said of him, "In shooting pictures of Rock, the only thing you have to worry about is his smile. He has the corniest grin in the world." And he was almost always on edge and unsure of himself. Sheer nervousness made him a nail biter. "I still get nervous when I read the script of a new picture," he confesses. "Sometimes I can't even eat dinner the night before I have to go on the set. I'm always a nervous wreck, know how much responsibility I have on my shoulders. So I chew my nails."

WITH such fears besetting him, was it surprising, then, that the unconfident Rock hesitated so long before committing himself to marriage? Yet when he posed to Phyllis, most of his doubts presumably, had vanished. Phyllis was shy and retiring, too; she was just about Rock's age (not 26, as some said), and in a number of ways, she reminded him of his mother. After he and Phyllis eloped on November 9, 1955, Rock said, "I waited until I was almost 30 before I married because I wanted to be absolutely sure I had the right girl. Today I know I have her."

All Rock wanted then was to live his life like any other young couple—to have "a houseful of children to make our life complete." He was called the only male star with one wife, one car and no pool. "A friend, telling of Rock's first days with Phyllis, recalled the time he got home from a tough session at the studio and found Phyllis bubbling with big news. "I had the most exciting time," she told her husband. "I watched Gregory Peck making a picture, and it was everything I thought he would be and only better."

Rock listened to his wife in silence, strolled around the living room in slouching feet, as always, flipped on the radio. "The next day," said the friend, "Phyllis left his own picture and walked over to get a look at Peck for herself. He wanted to see what Peck had that made him irresistible to women. 'I hoped maybe that if I watched Greg long enough,' said Rock, 'some of it would rub off on me.' That's the kind of insecure guy he is."

Yet only a few months later, Rock and Phyllis were already at odds. On their rare appearances at parties, they sat silently, with nothing to say to each other. After a series of unpleasant rumors, they separated and then divorced. Rock would only say, "I'd rather not discuss the

ion. It is of extremely delicate and intimate nature. There are no other persons involved, so I believe it would be pointless to say more."

At the divorce hearing, however, Rock's life was not so reticent. "My husband was sullen, refused to dress up and balked at taking me out," said Phyllis. "He wouldn't talk to me for days, sometimes for weeks. When I asked him why he layed out all night, he told me it was none of my business."

The divorce was granted with a very substantial settlement for Phyllis: \$130,000 cash, a \$35,000 house and \$8,000 for her lawyer. Perhaps this made up to Phyllis for the things Rock hadn't given her, but for the super-thrifty Rock, the settlement was a financial shock that left him angry, hurt and bitter.

Though Phyllis and Rock had liked to hang together—or so their friends said—or sit comfortably at home with their noses off, the hi-fi blasting the neighborhood with sound, this, obviously, had never been enough. Seemingly, they had never really had too much in common. Rock could be moody, aching with a strange need to be alone. He hated it when Phyllis wept; it was a special kind of torment he couldn't fight, so he would just disappear.

Yet, moody as Rock often is, he can be a charming companion when he feels like it. "I laugh at things that don't make people as funny," he once said. "Not only that, I dwell on them, and two days later I'll burst out laughing. I'm impulsive; I leap before I look. I enjoy things more if they're the spur-of-the-moment. Anyway, I have no desire to be like Rock Hudson 24 hours a day. I just want to be myself."

Intimates know that Rock can be a great tease or perpetrator of practical jokes. There was the time when Rock, just after he made "Son Of Cochise," fractured a bone in his shoulder while water skiing. He was taken to the hospital, where a nurse did her best to make him comfortable. She knew that he had to sign some important papers, so she worked on his right hand, adjusting the bandages so Rock could hold a pen. "There," she said, "now you can sign those papers."

"Sorry," said Rock, with a deadpan expression, "I'm lefthanded."

Outwardly calm and seemingly placid (I can be dying inside, but my discomfort doesn't show"), Rock's anger flares when he feels that he has been unfairly treated. He raged at a certain magazine writer who called him "a manufactured star, the creation of his agent," and "so imperturbable that his mother never saw him get annoyed about anything." "I hate such lies," Rock said. "And as for my being imperturbable, the other day I got so mad I pulled the telephone from the wall, wires and all."

The Rock Hudson who has been called "a handsome giant of a mechanical man" is in truth, anything but unfeeling. When

you cut him, he bleeds—bleeds very much indeed. He is often a forlorn man; he knows that "a bachelor's life is very, very lonely." He longs for companionship, insists that "it's not true that I'll never marry again."

"I am not at all bitter or disillusioned about marriage, or my future personal happiness," he told one friend. "I'm just getting fed up with all these questions about it. I'm tired of talking and thinking about me. I'd like to think of something else for a change."

Recent magazine stories have coupled Rock's name with one Cindy Robbins, a minor bit player in Rock's new picture, "Pillow Talk." "The story," say Rock's friends, "was a complete and utter fabrication." More serious was Rock's admitted interest in Debbie Power, the late Tyrone Power's widow.

Rock, Ty and Debbie saw a lot of each other after Rock's divorce. Ty and his third wife invited the lonely star to join



MOODY as he is, Rock can be charming if he wants to, as here on set with Julia Meade.

them on their yacht, *The Black Swan*, and together the three friends spent joyous weekends sailing off the coast of California. Rock envied Ty for a wife who was fun, as Debbie was—a woman who listened when her husband talked, who had views of her own, who knew how to share laughter with the man she loved.

Debbie Power was tall, dark and beautiful—a girl from the South who was both feminine and a man's woman. And when Ty Power died so suddenly in Spain, it was Rock who helped console her.

Somehow, Rock didn't seem to care when gossip told of his being seen with Debbie Power, the girl who was even then carrying her late husband's child. Some people were bewildered and even shocked. But Rock bravely ignored the talk.

Neighbors were aware that Rock's convertible was often parked in front of Debbie Power's apartment. There were times, too, when she visited Rock at his secluded Malibu Beach house, some miles

north of Santa Monica. Rock cooked his special steaks for her, or invited his mother over to help whip up a dinner. Many times Rock and Debbie walked along the sandy, lonely beach—Debbie chatting, while Rock, always the good listener, smiled and understood.

Said one intimate, "Since Debbie came into Rock's life, he seems to have become more of a hermit than ever. He spends much of his free time with her at the beach, or used to, and later, on his rented power cruiser. Whether or not this friendship will end in marriage, I can't say. But if I were a betting man, I'd bet it will. I think Debbie Power would be very good for Rock."

Perhaps Ty Power's beautiful widow has brought the lonely, moody, uncertain Rock some new-found and longed-for happiness. Perhaps another marriage is in his thoughts. But there are those who wonder if Rock believes he has improved as husband material since the day he eloped with Phyllis Gates. Rock is pushing 34—a most youthful and vigorous age—but is he saying to himself, "There's no such thing as love, or if there is, it's come too late for me."

Fellow actors who sometimes see Rock at one of his favorite hideaways, the Beverly Hills Health Club, say that he seems to keep almost forbiddingly to himself. He rarely joins the friendly volley ball games, the joking and laughter around the pool, the show business gossip in the locker room. "He strikes you as such a lonely man," said one young actor. "He never smiles, rarely chats with anyone. He just takes his workout or sits in the steam room, seemingly withdrawn. You feel a little sorry for a fellow so untalkative and aloof, especially in a gregarious atmosphere like this gym."

Rock, of course, may prefer it this way. "Some people are automatically masters of every situation," he once said. "I'm not. When I'm working, I worry about my work, and when I'm inactive, I worry about not working."

Such concentration leaves scant room for a wife.

If marriage, for Rock, is once more on his mind, he is the last person in the world to discuss it now—even with his own family. "Maybe he's thinking of marriage, maybe he isn't," said a studio friend. "None of us know, and none of us would ask him. But it took him years to decide to get married the first time; it may take him more years to make up his mind again."

"On the other hand, Rock has said that he'll re-marry, and Debbie Power may well be his next wife. There are quite a few of us who think it's in the cards. Everybody who knows and likes Rock, and virtually everyone does, is sure that, given the right woman, he'd make a happy marriage. His friends think so, and probably even Debbie is convinced. Now, all Rock has to do is convince himself. Once he does that, you can start smelling those orange blossoms." **END**

Mr. Handsome

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Francis E. Heacock, an Associated Press newspaper writer, well-known to the veteran Hollywood press corps. When Barry was a toddler, the family, including his twin sisters, five years older, moved to San Francisco.

Later, they returned to Hollywood and Barry's dad became a press agent in the publicity department at Warner Bros. "My father," Barry says, "was Errol Flynn's press agent and I remember him and 'Big Boy' Williams as Dad's friends who, with other actors and actresses, used to visit our ranch 'Hilltop' in Sunland, on the outskirts of the city. And I have fond memories of my first Shetland pony given to me by Mr. Williams. One night, after a particularly trying day doing publicity for Errol Flynn and other actors, my father came home, looked sternly at me and said to my mother: 'Remind me when Barry grows up—there is one thing I particularly *don't* want him to be—and that's an actor!'"

Barry was six then, and completely uninterested in acting, although he soon showed a strong inclination for money-making. A year later, after a move to Honolulu, the handsome bright-eyed youngster decided to augment his allowance (the shops held such enticing things) by going into business. He collected the coconuts from under the trees behind a nearby hotel and started a brisk business selling them to tourists in front of the place. That is, until his mother learned about it and put a fast stop to Barry's venture in high finance.

In 1941, Barry's father was killed in an automobile accident and Mrs. Heacock, grief-stricken, moved her little family to faraway Hawaii. "As a kid," Barry says candidly, "I was pretty scatterbrained and a handful for my mother. With three females I felt the need of male companionship and I urged Mother to adopt a brother for me. She thought of it for a while, but then she remarried and I had male companionship." Barry's stepfather (who adopted him and gave him his name) is Joseph S. Coe, an engineer whose work kept the family on romantic moves from country to country as he worked on government projects.

GRAD school for Barry meant hopscotching around from such unlikely places as Honolulu, Hawaii, to Edmonton, Canada, then to Los Alamos, New Mexico and Miami, Florida. Another youngster might have felt rootless and unhappy kept on the move like that. But to Barry it meant a chance to make new friends, learn how to adapt himself to new conditions and to become an outgoing, friendly, and poised young man. During summer vacations the resourceful lad had an unusual variety of jobs, including working on a ski lift, selling soft drinks at a mountain resort, as a time-

keeper at an airplane plant, selling in a sports shop and working as a gas station attendant—all before he was 20.

"In junior and senior high school," Barry explains smilingly, "I had little on my mind except becoming the campus athlete." And to prove it, he won letters in the rough competition of ice hockey three years in a row at Edmonton, Canada, and in New Mexico. At Los Alamos High School, Barry was a football letterman halfback but, at 17, his dreams of becoming a big college campus football hero were crushed when his knee was injured in a game. It put an end to that kind of competitive sport but Barry can and still does ski. And for it he's won three ribbons—two firsts and a second—in skiing competitions that take place at Lake Arrowhead.

One day, when he was a junior at Los Alamos High, the drama coach stopped the tall, handsome athlete and asked if he would try out for the lead in "You Can't Take It With You." As Barry tells it, "Acting had always buzzed around in my head but athletics was my first love. Anyway, I decided to try out for the play because my knee was banged up and I got the lead. As Tony, the romantic young lover, I wasn't very good. In fact, I was a complete flop. I knew it even before the school paper's critic said I'd smelled up the stage."

BARRY wasn't merely telling this doleful tale so one could parry it with, "Oh, I bet you were wonderful." He's too honest for that. It was apparent that he was relating something that had obviously hurt him at the time and still did in recollection. "Even though," he continued, "my father, from his long experience, hoped I wouldn't become an actor, I had been considering it as a career until that flop. Then I knew I didn't have the necessary talent and I put it out of my mind. My twin sisters had been dancing teachers and exhibition water skiers and I'd hoped for something in the entertainment world too."

When time for college approached, Barry's stepfather was stationed in Thailand building bridges and roads for the emperor. (Currently, Mr. Coe is in the South Pacific with the Atomic Energy Commission.) Thailand didn't seem a likely place for college so Mrs. Coe settled in Los Angeles and Barry enrolled at the University of Southern California where he was aiming at a degree in Business Administration in 1954.

The first three years of college for the handsome young man were years of searching, of trying to find out what he was best suited for. They weren't years of aimless drifting, for Barry isn't a shirker, but they were a time of indecision. As he puts it: "My major was business administration but I wasn't happy with the choice;



FAVORITE date Judi Meredith is escorted by Barry Coe to a gala party at Romanoff

I merely selected it because I thought I could prepare me for a variety of careers. I was never sure, in college, of just what I wanted to do and I wandered around in a daze, scholastically speaking. I had no plans whatsoever; no career really appealed to me."

And then a flip of a coin changed his life completely!

The time was Easter vacation of Barry's junior year. Some 30 of his Beta Theta Pi fraternity brothers planned to spend the free time at Palm Springs. Barry planned to join them until he heard that the snow on the mountains was prime for skiing, his great love. Snow or desert? Barry flipped a coin. And joined his fraternity brothers. While they were fooling around the pool at the exclusive Shadow Mountain Club a man came over and told Barry, "I'm a Hollywood actor's agent. I think you have a very good future in motion pictures."

Says Barry: "The guys were playing practical jokes all day. I laughed because I thought this was merely another joke—and a mighty good one arranged by my campus buddies."

It wasn't. Agent Dick Clayton was serious, even after Barry explained what he had been in his first high school play. Clayton suggested drama study and Barry returned to school determined to give acting an honest try that summer. Completely self-disciplined as a good athlete must be, Barry applied himself to the craft of acting with coach Estelle Harmon and then with the late Michael Chekhov, Marilyn Monroe's coach.

AS soon as I began to study acting," Barry explains, "everything suddenly clicked into place and I knew where I was going. I feel that acting is my life, and my prime ambition is to become a good actor." Not long after that, Barry and his agent began making the wearying studio rounds. Finally, at 20th Century-Fox studio executives showed interest. After intensive work with Helena Sorrell, 20th

at coach, Barry passed his screen test and was signed to a seven-year contract. It was four years ago, yet Barry, intent on being a real good actor, feels he needs a great deal more study to develop technique.

Careerwise, Barry has grown steadily, slowly. A handful of small parts finally brought him the role opposite Yvonne Moore in "Peyton Place" which shot him to stardom overnight. It seemed that Barry's magnetic hazel-green eyes held a magic for every female and, shortly thereafter, an avalanche of fan letters began to pour into the studio. And today, after "Under Jets" and "The Bravados" he's considered one of the hottest young stars on the lot, and completely ready for his next role on loanout from 20th Century-Fox to Paramount in "But Not For Me" co-starring with Clark Gable, Carroll Baker and Lilli Palmer.

STRANGELY enough, the "Peyton Place" role which brought him attention, isn't the type he hopes to do. For Barry is a rugged outdoorsman and he hopes to act in rugged adventure films like his favorite ones—John Wayne and Clark Gable. "I don't want to stay far away from pretty boys, romantic drawing room stuff; what I hope to play is he-man roles in fast, exciting ones," explains this husky young actor. His happiest moments are spent skiing in the wild Sierras or at water sports on the Pacific ocean.

A perfectionist, Barry is well aware of the work that goes into a seemingly effortless acting style. He attends a drama workshop, watches fine actors work, is an insatiable question-asker who listens respectfully to the views of directors and published stars and then evaluates what he hears.

"When I got my first good part I was really filled with butterflies," Barry recalls. His best friend, Bob Wagner, knew I wouldn't sleep the night before I was to start. Like the good guy he is, he came to my apartment and talked it out with me. It really helped . . . And the day on 'But Not For Me' was murder. Couldn't sleep a wink the night before. Gable was wonderful to me, helped me over that first-day nervousness. He is a Broadway producer who shows me how to kiss Carroll Baker. Wow! That's nice work. And they pay you for it! I think this is the best role I've had so far."

He believes, too, that as things have worked out, his father would agree that acting really is the career for him. But Barry's voice becomes grave as he tells of his beloved mother who tragically passed away only two months before he landed his star-making "Peyton Place."

In a town where it is almost a cult to marry early and often, the extremely likable young actor has adroitly managed to retain his single status. Nevertheless, Barry maintains he is looking forward to marriage. But while marking time he is concentrating on acting, explaining,

"I'm giving the subject plenty of attention and leading a full social life. There has never been a better invention than women. I've thought so ever since I was an old kindergarten alumnus of six." And to prove it, Barry has dated such charmers as Lili Gentle, Barbara Eden, Nina Shipman, Pat Mitchell, June Blair, Connie Stevens. Barry met the little Southerner, Lili Gentle, at the studio, and introduced her to the Boss' son, Dick Zanuck, whom she married. ("I take credit as the matchmaker," says Barry proudly.)

For a while, the screen's "Mr. Handsome" and Venetia Stevenson (the most stunning couple in town) seemed to be a forest fire romance. But it cooled, possibly because neither was ready for marriage. But before that happened, the ethereal blonde told a reporter: "Barry makes a girl feel like a queen. It's different and exciting. He's that rare Hollywood male who's always neatly dressed and who likes to put on a black tie when he knows a girl plans evening dress. This is very pleasant in a town which can get too casual in dating habits. Barry has excellent manners; sends flowers and candy, and gives his dates those little attentions every girl loves."

Evidently, starlet Judi Meredith, who was so charming in "Summer Love," feels the same way about her dates with Barry. Tiny, gay, talented Judi comes from Portland, Oregon; was a top professional figure skater with the "Ice Follies" at 15, toured the country and Canada for the next two years and then had to spend a year in bed after she fell through a window and broke her back. With skating impossible as a career, Judi next turned to acting, studying at the famed Pasadena Playhouse, graduating from there to TV and then into the movies.

SINCE Judi is very fond of the outdoors and very sports-minded (There's not a girl in town who can stand on water skis the way Judi can," says Barry extravagantly) both of them have much in common—including motion-picture careers. So when Judi and Barry recently ordered matching surf boards, the I-Love-A-Romance Columnists began sniffing the fragrance of orange blossoms and hearing the far-off strains of Lohengrin. But Barry and Judi remained silent. He did admit, though, that he likes the idea of going steady. "That way," he says, "you don't have to wine and dine a new gal each time and go through all the preliminaries of getting acquainted."

And as to what pleases him in girls, he says, "I like a girl who is feminine, spirited, natural, full of honest enthusiasms, one who knows it isn't necessary to put on a big show to attract attention. She needn't be a raving beauty but she must be carefully groomed. And she must like the outdoors, and sports . . . Sure, the face and chassis of a girl are the first things to attract a man (with me, it's the figure and the manner of dress). Red is my favorite color, so I'm more apt to see

a girl with a good-looking figure in a red dress quicker than one all dolled up in a green dress."

Favorite dates include drives to Lake Arrowhead in his sporty Thunderbird. "It's a beautiful spot," says Barry appreciatively. "I lived there one summer as a kid, and I hope some day to build a little cabin there, with a tin roof so I can hear the drops popping down while I'm snug in bed. I like picnics there or on the beach where we broil steaks, and dinner dates in Chinese restaurants where I get my fill of pressed duck, Mandarin duck and almond chicken. Dancing doesn't appeal to me too much and night clubs even less. When I'm working on a picture it's not fair to the studio to stay out late at night."

BARRY lives in a one-bedroom apartment in Westwood which he decorated himself—in lots of red and black, impressive large pieces of furniture in maple, modern black African sculpture on the walls, skis in one corner and a tape recorder on the maple desk. A conscientious worker, Barry records his lines and listens to them on the playback. "I study the parts of the other actors, too," he says, "and in that way learn more about my own part." Spare time is devoted to inventing. So far he's devised a ski-toe gripper and a novel Christmas tree ornament, both of which he is having patented. And he has built his own hi-fi system, a really complicated affair with numerous speakers in living room, bedroom and bathroom. The intricacies of such work pleases his inventive mind and he even attached a clock to his set which automatically turns on his sound system every morning, routing him out of bed with songs by Johnny Mathis, Billy Eckstine and Jackie Gleason albums. When Barry heard about "sleep teaching" he experimented with a small speaker placed under his pillow to help him learn his movie scripts!

As an athlete he keeps in top physical condition all year by arising at six and pedalling his German-built racing bike up and down the Westwood hills before reporting to the studio. Currently he's on a health food kick, suggested by his good friend Jeff Hunter, and he supplements his normal diet with wheat germ, yogurt, powdered soy milk, blackstrap molasses, alfalfa and kelp—which he whips up in a blender and downs manfully without batting an eye.

Beside skiing, skin-diving, surfing and water-skiing, Barry loves to fish and go camping, plays golf, goes in for photography, oil painting and even finds time for occasional sessions at the bullfights in nearby Tijuana, Mexico, where he is especially thrilled by the marvelous music which accompanies the stirring entrance of the matadors into the ring.

With all this—and a demanding full-time career—just when is the screen's handsomest man going to find time for marriage? Nobody knows. Not even Barry Coe. Or Judi Meredith.

END

When You're Alone

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"She eats you up with her eyes, and you want to eat her up," said Rossano Brazzi, another co-star.

On the set of "Mardi Gras," one day, young Gary Crosby remarked, in mock sorrow, "Man, it was a black day when I found out that Christine is happily married to a nice guy." Such is the reaction this electrifying import from France arouses in almost all men.

Jeffrey Hunter, too, is remembered for his comments on the indisputable sex appeal of little Miss Carere. Jeff was playing himself in a walk-on scene with Christine in "Mardi Gras"—a sequence laid in a Hollywood studio where Christine, in a revealing costume, had to stop and chat briefly with him.

"What do I do after she leaves?" Jeff asked Director Edmund Goulding.

"Well, what would you naturally do?" Goulding countered.

"What would I do?" breathed Hunter, eyeing the shapely Miss Carere. "I'd turn right around and follow her!"

It is all a very normal male reaction, naturally, and means nothing beyond simple admiration for a very lovely feminine creature. But Hollywood is filled with other handsome gallants who would love to console Christine in her loneliness—if she were interested. She isn't.

Christine is honest enough to say, "I do not have any dates in Hollywood. I do not invite them. I cannot trust myself in my loneliness, so when I do go out, it is only in a group, with close friends."

SHE lives in a Hollywood apartment, alone, but often spends an evening visiting two of her cousins, who live nearby. "I have met lots of American men at my cousins' home," she smiled. "I find them very honest and friendly. In France, it is difficult to have a simple friendship with a man. But in America, the women have more equality. The girls are pleasant, too. However, no French girl can be pals with a man, as your girls are here. That would be impossible."

Miss Carere recalls the time when she once wrote her husband, teasingly, "These Americans I meet here are very attractive. Big, tall, friendly—eager to be kind to a lonely little French girl." Philippe, understandably, was livid. "He was," Christine gurgled, "like you say here, hot under the neckband. Right away he wanted to know if there was another man in my life. He was ready to rush over here."

When she comes home from the studio, driving herself in her Chevrolet convertible ("It was Philippe's gift to me," she says), she freshens up, then goes out to eat, usually alone. She does not enjoy cooking for herself. Strangely, she can no longer eat French food—not when she is in Hollywood, anyway. "I love American dishes," she admitted. "I am used to them now—things like cottage cheese and fruit

salad. If I do happen to dine in a French restaurant, my poor stomach is upset for days. Of course, when I am real blue or depressed, or terribly lonely, as I often am, I carry myself over to the Hamburger Hamlet, on the Sunset Strip, and have a big hamburger. I love that."

She takes all her meals out because she becomes too melancholy when she tries to prepare her own dinner. As she says, "I cannot afford to invite depressions. Nor must I allow myself to be a little girl any longer, attached to the petticoat of my mother. Since Philippe is not here, I have learned that I must be independent—make decisions on my own. Suddenly you are aware that you are alone, but you cannot permit sadness. You must make the very best of things. It is like—what are the words?—putting on your armor."

Every evening Christine sits down to write a letter to Philippe—"not long love letters, that is not necessary," she says, "but just chatty letters, such as Philippe writes to me. Only it is not good to write when I am too blue or depressed. Then the best thing for me is to go to a movie, until I have recovered my spirits."

But, as Christine sighed, it is harder now to be away from her husband than ever before. There is the memory of the baby she lost—a sadness not easy to overcome. "But my doctor tells me we can have more children, many more, and Philippe and I want to start a family again very, very soon." She remembers the apartment she left behind in Paris—the apartment which took so long to find, "we almost could not get married," and the fun she and Philippe had decorating it, little by little and piece by piece, with the English antiques Christine prizes so very much.

The apartment is on the ninth floor of a 30-year-old building, overlooking Montparnasse, the Left Bank, the blue-grey Seine alive with barges and sight-seeing boats, all the ancient bridges lit at night, and the glow of the magic city. "It is practically a new building, for Paris," said Christine, "and we have what would be the pent-house, with two terraces. There is still much to be done there, more things to be bought, but Philippe says he will do nothing to the place until I return. He wants me to have the joy of finishing our home. He has so much patience."

Like the cherished home she left behind, other memories crowd in on Christine—all the things about Philippe she remembers. Christine had already made a number of pictures in France when she met Nicaud (she has been acting since the age of 15), but her first reaction to the very popular M. Nicaud, as she told a friend, was, "Here is a man who is very happy with himself. You know how I feel about this type."

Christine had no choice about meeting Philippe; they were cast together in a



ALTHOUGH she can cook, Christine takes her meals out. Eating alone depresses her.

picture. "The first few days we worked opposite each other," she recalled, "I decided I disliked him. He was too helpful to me. I did not want his help."

But Philippe, sensing Christine's late antagonism, decided on a different approach. He invited her to lunch. He told Christine, with a smile, that he didn't expect her to fall in love with him for the sake of the picture, but if she were good an actress as he thought she was, she could at least pretend—in front of the camera. "After all," as Philippe said, "we are playing two young people who are very much in love."

From that moment, Miss Carere's attitude changed. There was no more coolness. "I liked Philippe's frankness," said Christine. "Another actor would have had so much ego, he would have set out to pretend, offscreen, that I was irresistible. He would have flattered me, courted me, been very romantic—to prove to himself that he was irresistible. But Philippe was honest with me, and this I liked better."

The two did not stop seeing each other when the picture was finished. Christine had never known a man quite so honest—nor one with whom she could be so much herself. "Very early," she said, "we learned that each of us had once had the illusion of being in love with someone else. And neither of us had any desire to fall in love again for a long, long

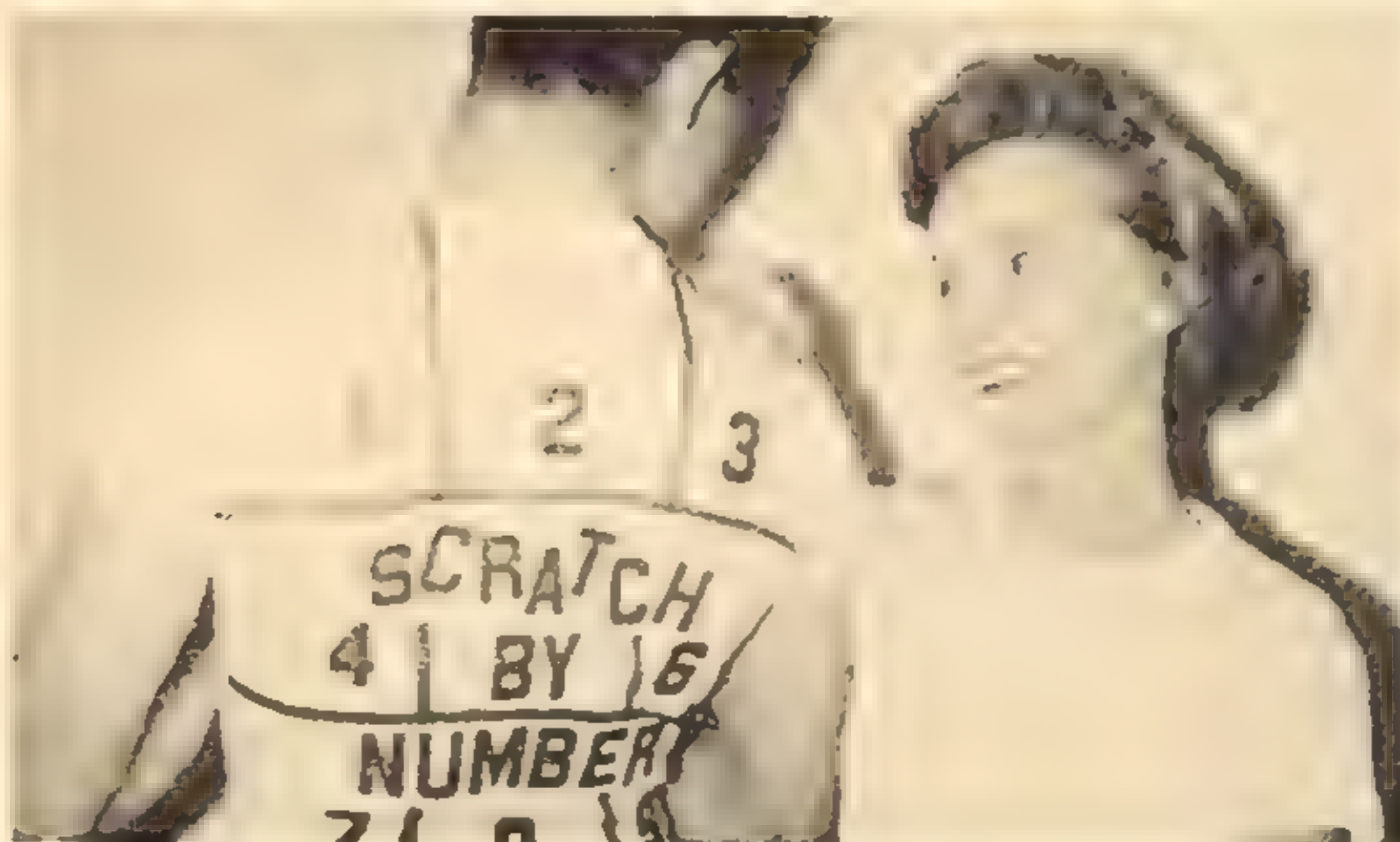
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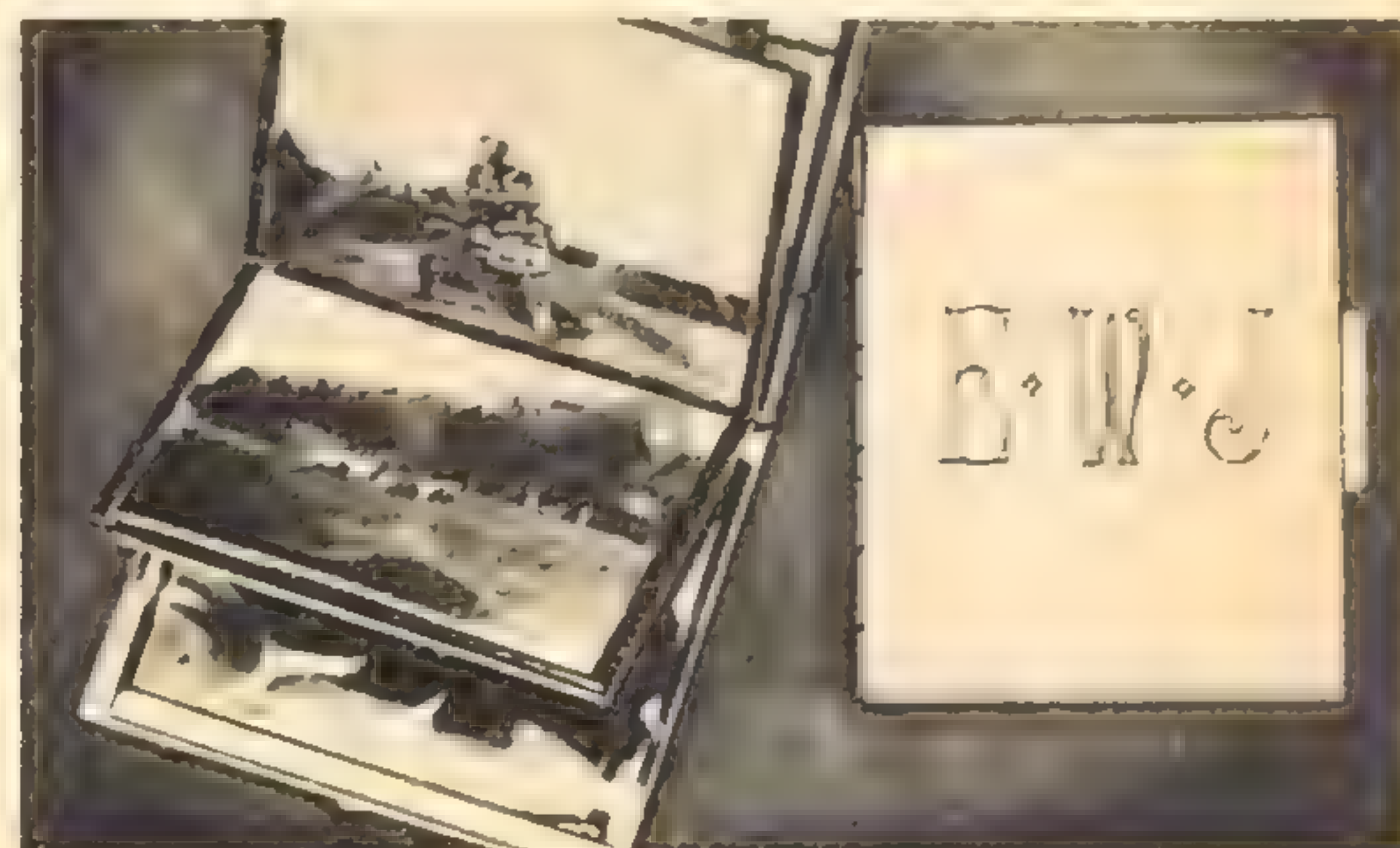
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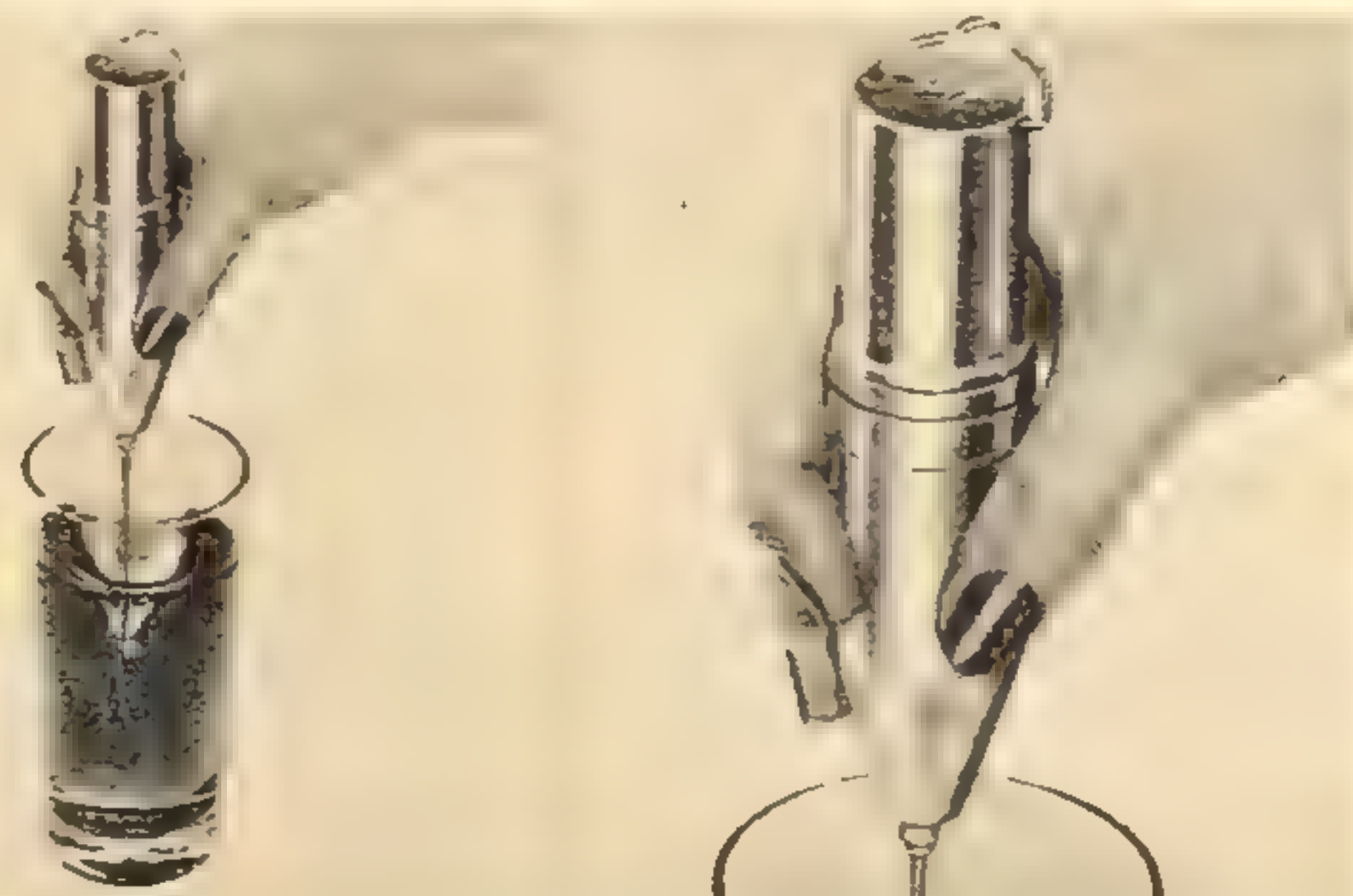
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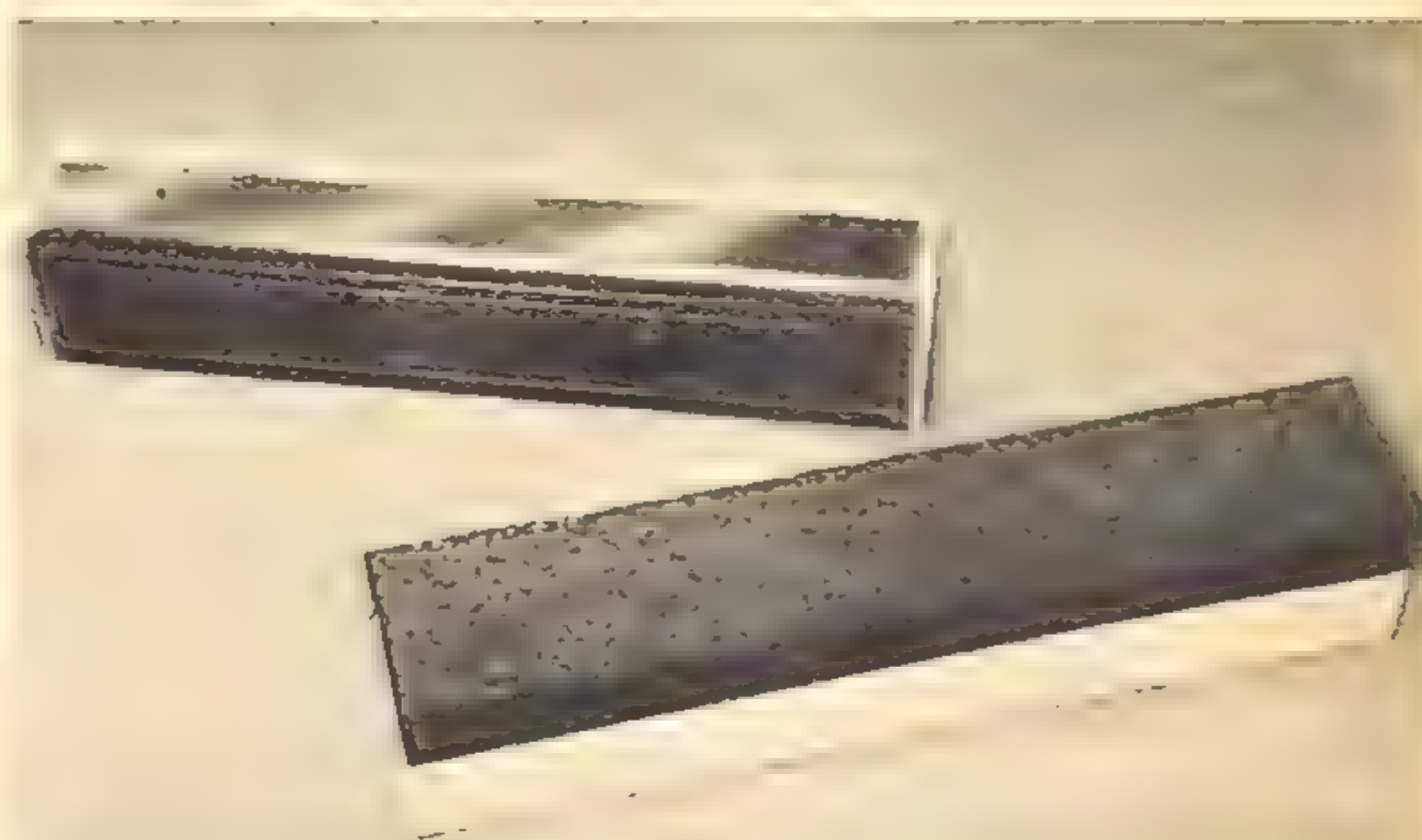
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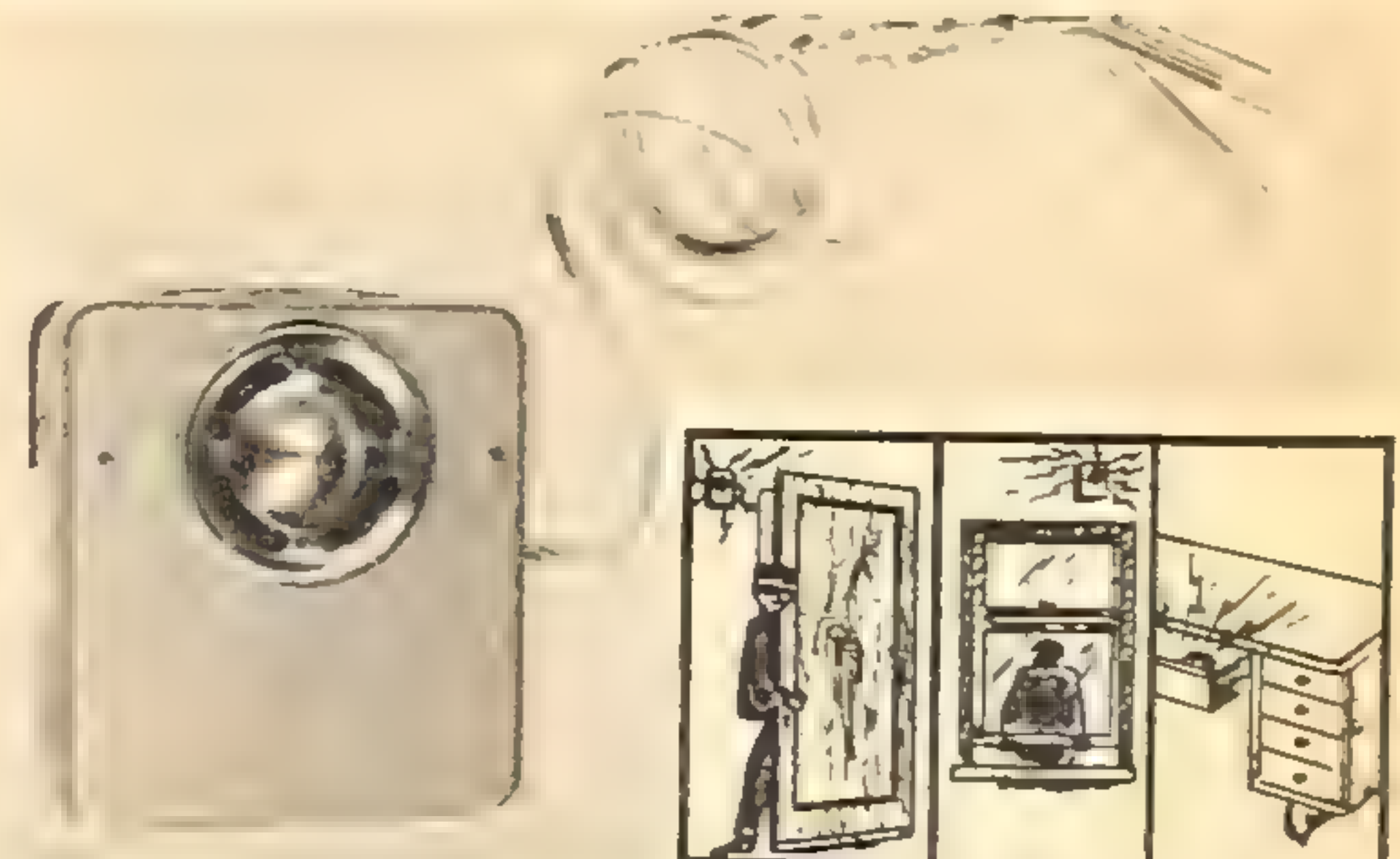
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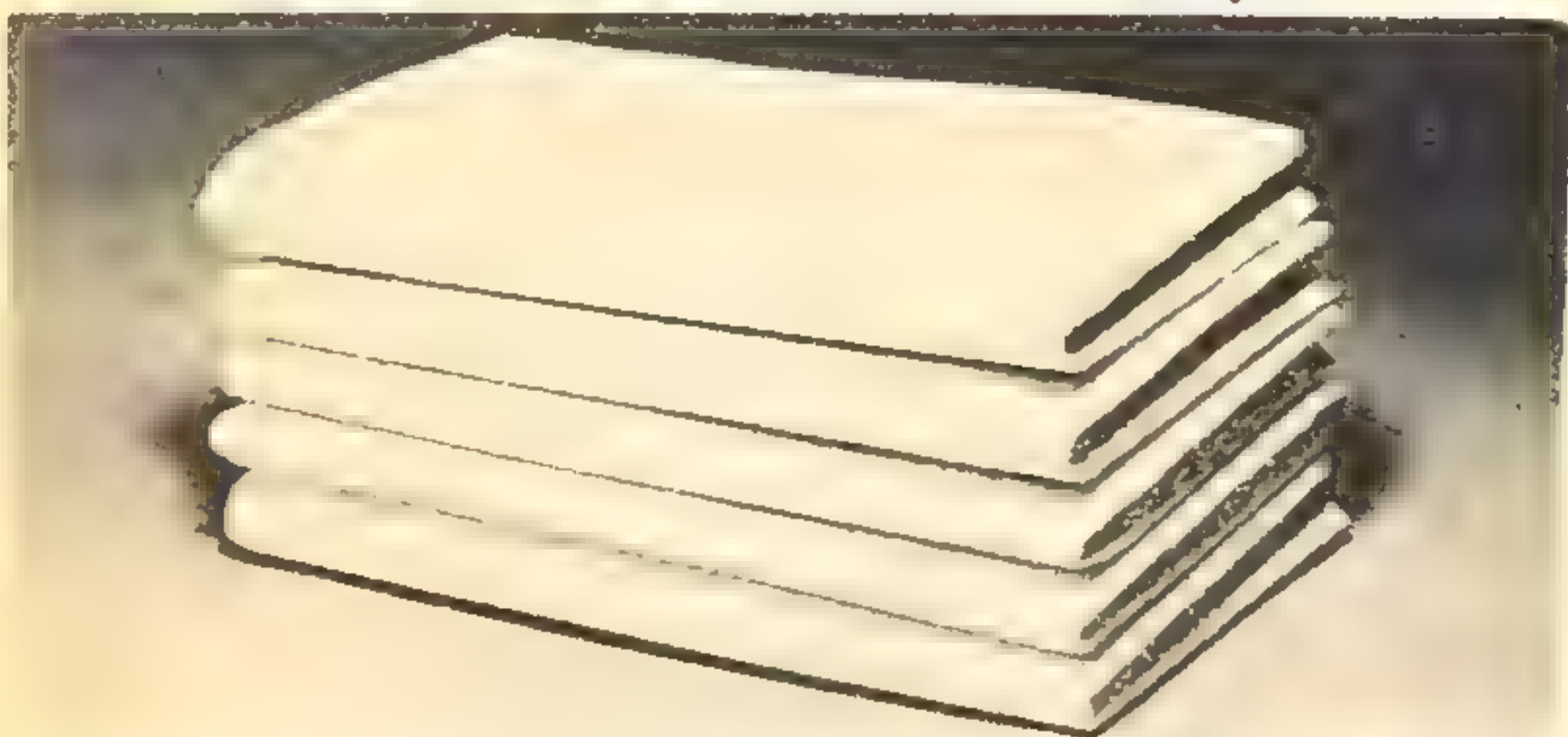
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When You're Alone

continued from page 58

time. But Philippe enjoyed being with me as I enjoyed being with him. And one night, in our favorite little bistro on the Left Bank, we knew we had fallen in love. We knew, both at the same time, with no words said."

They were married November 4, 1957, in a civil ceremony, and then in the church the following day. All of Philippe's family was there, and Christine's, too. She wore a Dior gown of form-fitting white satin, and carried a bouquet of white roses and lilies of the valley. There was a brief reception at a nearby inn, but no honeymoon; Philippe was working and had to be at the theatre for his play. And Christine had to leave for Hollywood almost immediately.

LATER, of course—some four long months later—she did get back to Paris when the studio sent her there for the location filming of "A Certain Smile." She stepped off the plane at Orly Airport into the arms of her waiting husband.

A friend who was there said, "When Christine and Philippe drove back to Paris from the airport, they were so engrossed—understandably so—in each other, that Philippe forgot the first rule of careful driving. He was using only one arm. The traffic cop who hailed them to a stop for 'dangerous driving' was visibly touched by the story of their reunion. But not even French gallantry could overcome French regulations, and Philippe was handed a ticket. 'But,' he said, 'it was worth it.'"

During the days that followed, Philippe was on hand with his movie camera while the movie troupe was shooting exteriors on the Paris streets. But he wasn't interested in photographing just any scene in the picture. He was right there clicking away whenever Christine had any love scenes with Rossano Brazzi. "I might learn something," he teased his new bride. "After all, Brazzi is supposed to be an expert on the subject."

Christine and Philippe had their honeymoon in Venice, finally, then she came back to Hollywood for "Mardi Gras," and Philippe joined her here for a few weeks. Like his wife, he admired and enjoyed California, and like her, he said, "We may have to be separated right now, but we are both building for a wonderful future. We have two homes, six thousand miles apart. I am enchanted by California, just as Christine is. We hope we will be working in both countries at the same time from now on."

It was Philippe who urged Christine to sign her 20th Century-Fox contract, though he was aware that it might mean much loneliness for the two of them. "Sign it," he said, "and we will be married right away. And what will happen after that, will happen." Like any French girl, she happily deferred to her husband.

"I give in to him always," said Christine. "I do not want him to be like a little dog, wagging his tail after me. A woman must let her husband know he is boss. I want Philippe to feel that he is master. I always go to him when I have a problem. Even if I know how to solve the problem I go to him. I would not have come to America to work without his wanting me to. I would not do anything without his approval. And when our children come I will give up my career, if I have to."

"The divorce of my parents hurt me terribly. I never had a father whom I knew, and I missed that. I hope that I can give my children the security and the closeness that I did not know when I was small. All this is tremendously important to me—and to my husband, too."

There have been moments for Christine when the separation from her husband and the loneliness, were almost too much for her. Not long after she arrived in Hollywood, her studio was in an uproar when they discovered that Christine had checked out of her hotel and left no forwarding address. The studio executives were afraid that their new importation had planed back to Paris, since they were aware that Christine was unhappy. They knew she had been weeping bitterly over not being allowed to rejoin Philippe in France until after the sneak preview of "A Certain Smile."

But Christine had not really gone a.w.o.l.; she had merely moved in with a girl friend. So all Christine got was a paternal lecture, and a kindly admonition always to notify the studio whenever, in the future, she changed her address.

In many ways, it has been fortunate for Christine that she has made friends so readily in Hollywood—or that people have made friends with her. From the beginning, it has helped to alleviate her feeling of aloneness and homesickness in a strange new world. "Before I came to Hollywood," Christine said, "I had heard that American women were not cold exactly, but perhaps a little stand-offish. But what surprised me was the great warm friendship of women to strangers like me. My first night in town, when I did not know English even, a lady in the apartment across the way called and said I must come over to the party she was having. I understood nothing that she was saying, only the friendliness and warmth of her smile."

"Later, when I was working, my neighbors offered to take me to the laundromat, to show me how to get to the studio, to drive me to the supermarket. In the evenings they would say, 'Come, watch the television with us, or join us for the movies.' They knew I was lonely without my husband, and how unhappy I was. In France, we have nice neighbors, too, but we do not make friends so quick. So you see why I say, I cherish you Americans. I

love you and thank you, and I want to bring my husband back to know you and be grateful to you, as I, the newcomer to America, was."

The honesty that Christine admires so much in Philippe is part of her own character, too. "I do not fool myself," she said. "It is a real work to make marriage last. Marriage is not simple; we must learn to accept many things. For example, when Philippe and I come together again after months of separation, we discover many little defects in each other that we had forgotten. We are not perfect, no, and small irritations can sometimes become overwhelming. But Philippe is very, very understanding; he is not only the most romantic man I have ever met, but also the most honest. And I am fortunate that I myself am not a mixed-up girl. Thank God for that. I would be crazy now if I were mixed-up."

"So I think I am very lucky, because for happiness to endure and romance to withstand all the difficulties of life, love and honesty must always go hand-in-hand. Temporarily, Philippe and I must be—how do you say it?—commuters in our marriage. But it will not forever be that way. We married to be together. We will be together, with our children and our family. I have, for me, the most ideal man in my life—my husband. And my love will not always be so far away. This I believe with all my heart."

END

Coming Attractions

continued on page 11

families are too busy, and this time the youngsters almost tumble off into disaster. As Brandon's confidant, Warren Berlinger is the pseudo-sophisticate who helps stir up the troubled channels of adolescence. (20th Century-Fox.)

Embezzled Heaven

BASED on a novel by Franz Werfel, presented on Broadway with Ethel Barrymore in the lead role, this is now, with a few exceptions like poor dubbing, a sensitive film. Made in Agfacolor, this stars Annie Rosar, a noted Viennese character actress, as the servant who tries a short cut into heaven. Having no family and devoutly religious, Annie slaves for years to send her only relative, a hulk of a nephew, through studies for the priesthood. She believes that having sponsored a priest, her entrance into Heaven will be assured. After the nephew swindles every cent, Annie realizes her dreadful mistake. With her last money, she embarks on a pilgrimage to Rome to beg forgiveness. The final portion of the picture was shot in the Vatican and is climaxed by the complete ceremony of the late Pope Pius XII giving an audience to the pilgrimage. (Louis deRochemont Associates.)

END

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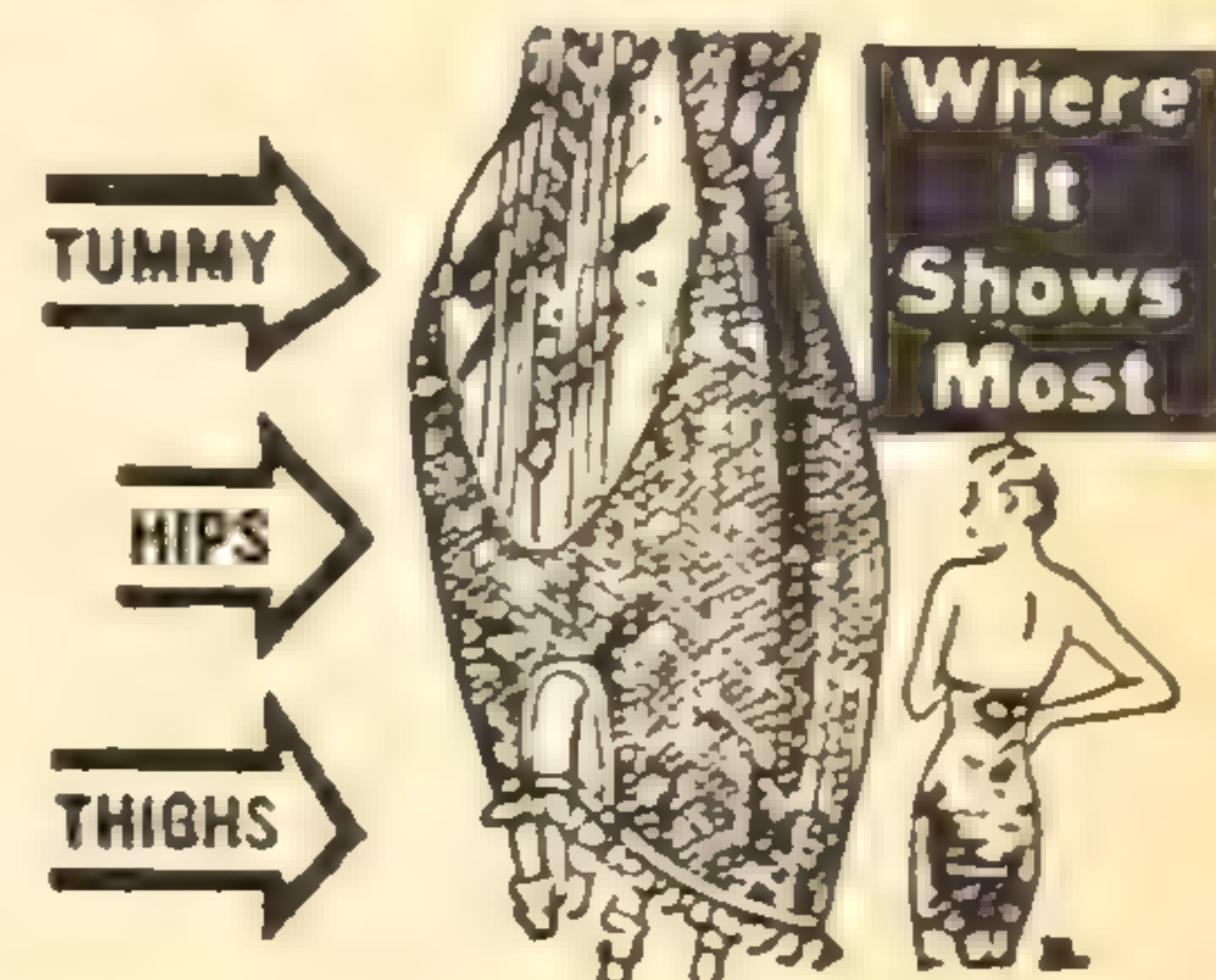
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Hugh O'Brian Says: "I Goofed!"

continued from page 35

"When we came up to the table I got a good grip on myself, took a deep breath and without a bobble ticked off the names of every one of those twelve other people sitting around the table. Then I gestured triumphantly toward my date and added with a flourish, 'I'd like to have you meet — — —'"

"I went blank. For the life of me, I couldn't remember her name!"

"She didn't help me either. Just let me stand there squirming in the expectant silence. Every nerve in my body started jumping in different directions.

"After an eternity—or maybe it was seven seconds—one of the men in our party recognized the girl and hissed her name in a stage whisper. I repeated it the way a kid recites the date Columbus discovered America and then I practically shriveled down into my chair.

"By the time the bells rang out at midnight she had forgiven me enough to exchange the traditional kiss. A pure formality. No enthusiasm at all. As I look back on it now, I'd say this wasn't the most exciting New Year's Eve I've ever had," he smiled ruefully.

If there is one place anybody can goof, it's on a trip abroad. Hugh darn near came back from his European venture this past winter without a hitch to report—until the last minute.

Everything went like clockwork, and on the final lap of the jaunt he raced over the road from Naples to Rome, pulling in at the airport with a great screeching of breaks ten minutes before take-off time. He heaved a sigh of relief and cast his eyes heavenward just as his plane rose into the wide blue yonder.

"What gives!" he groaned, watching the airborne monster fade into a speck.

The airport officials started doing an agitated little dance of apology around him. "We didn't think you were coming, Signor O'Breeyahn. We knew you were in Naples and decided you weren't coming back to catch your flight, so we dispatched the plane ahead of schedule as soon as all the other passengers were aboard," said the Roman spokesman.

Hugh calmed the men down with a soothing reassurance he was far from feeling himself. After all, he was due back in Hollywood the following day. But he managed somehow to maneuver passage on a Polar flight that happily gave him a four-hour lay-over in Copenhagen. He had always wanted to see the Danish capital anyway and now he intends to go back for a more leisurely visit.

"We also stopped at Winnipeg, where I'm going to make a personal appearance later this year," he said, "and that gave me a chance to get some details out of the way in connection with the tour.

"Altogether this was a 'good goof' because I had a berth on the Polar flight, which I wouldn't have had on the one I'd

missed by being early—but not early enough. After 14 hours of comfortable sleep, I landed in Los Angeles a few minutes before noon and was on my rehearsal stage promptly at one o'clock. How's that for turning an upset schedule into perfect timing?"

Efficient as he is at juggling accident into neatly coordinated advantages, even Hugh can't trick the clock into cooperating for perfect timing when the calendar is against him. That's one situation most likely to prove that charm is the only asset worth having in a tight pinch.

"I found this out just a couple of weeks ago," he said. "A very dear friend of mine was interested in a story property with me and we'd had quite a few discussions about it. But there were still some problems to be ironed out before we committed ourselves to a deal.

"THIS friend and his wife had invited me to a sit-down dinner at their house, and when I got an idea that I thought would give us the solution to one of our story problems, I made a note to talk it over with him that evening. But then I changed my mind and decided he'd probably be too busy with his duties as host to go off in a corner for a business huddle with me. So I called him up instead.

"His wife answered the phone in a sort of cool, 'raised eyebrow' voice when I said my usual, 'Hi, this is Hugh.' She immediately put my pal on the phone and I went right into my idea, saying what I had figured out regarding the deal. When I finished he made no comment. There was only this long, deflating silence. Finally, I filled it with a lame, 'Well, see you this evening.'

"'Oh, yes?' he answered in a way that made it sound like 'oh, yeah!'"

"By that time I was stuttering and spluttering and getting just a little bit sore. 'Yes. This evening... tonight... at your dinner party.'

"'Well, never mind about that,' he snapped. 'Our party was last night!'"

It's a tribute to the famous O'Brian charm that Hugh was promptly forgiven and the couple remain among his very dearest friends.

Maybe you think that next to the nightmare where you dream you're walking in on a party naked as a plucked chicken, is the horrible reality of strolling casually onto the scene of a formal occasion dressed in faded denims. Hugh says there is one thing worse—and he did it.

"I had been asked to a party at the home of some new friends who suggested that I bring a girl," he recounted. "I invited a girl I'd never dated before, and I sent her a spectacular white orchid corsage to start things off right. She looked quite lovely, dressed to the teeth, with me backing her up in my very best dinner jacket.

At seven o'clock we made our grand
ance. Too grand. We stood frozen in
doorway of the patio where we found
guests gathered. Everyone was either
he swimming pool or sprawling com-
ably around it. Not a single one of
other girls had on anything more
nal than a bathing suit. And the only
there in a jacket was the bartender.
I did my best to make a quick re-
ry and muttered some silly excuse for
formal clothes. One of those hollow
ks about having just come from an-
r party—a black tie affair.

My date gave me no support. With a
bination of chilling sarcasm and a
tof heat that wilted my collar, she
arked, 'Yes, a black tie affair. And
know how those are—always over by
n o'clock!'

We might have salvaged the evening
ehow, if the main course at dinner
n't been hot dogs. And my date hadn't
ped mustard down the front of her
dress and the handle of her paper
hadn't collapsed so that she splashed
ding coffee across her bosom at the
sip and she hadn't broken the spike
of her shoe when it got caught be-
en the rustic stones of the grass-
red patio.

Who'm I kidding? That evening was
ond salvaging the minute my date
sed to share the not-too-heavy burden
ny embarrassment and go along with
silly but harmless little gag about
ng come directly from a formal affair
he patio party.

Sharing is a very important thing to
Hugh went on. "I once goofed in
looking the importance of sharing,
I've never forgotten it.

It was when I was a landscape gar-
er—that's fancy for pushing a lawn
ver, in my case. I almost used to earn
ving that way while I was working
studying at a little theatre at night.
To pad out my earnings, I rented a
e trailer and ran an ad offering the
tional service of hauling garden rub-
to the dump—for a reasonable fee.
at with all the pruning and trimming



INOR goof is sometimes worse than a big
says Hugh who knows from experience.

going on in California gardens almost
constantly, I did pretty well with it.

"One day, on a late afternoon trip to
the city dump, I ran into a family of
coyotes, those little prairie wolves that
live in the hills around here and howl
against civilization in the dead of night.

"I thought it would be cute to have
a coyote as a pet, so I captured a baby
one and tried to train and treat it like a
dog. But I goofed.

"He never forgot he was a wild coyote
and not a pet pup. When I brought him
his meals he acted as though we were
rivals for the food. He figured if he ate
me first, I couldn't get away with his
dinner. So I had to tie him up to feed
him, which made for a pretty unfriendly
relationship between us.

"When I took him out in my car, I had
to keep him chained tight. Even so, gas
station attendants used to make me fill
my own tank because they were afraid to
come within fighting range of my 'pet.'

"That coyote simply didn't want to
share anything with me, and I couldn't
share him with anyone else. We were
both lonely and I finally took him back
to the dump and let him go loose to run
wild in the hills where he belonged.

"But I'd learned my lesson. The real
value of a pet, like the real value of
books, music, paintings, sports—any hobby
—is in sharing it with others."

No matter how far he's come since his
lawn mower-pushing days, every once in
a while Hugh still has a hankering to get
out and dig in the garden. But following
an experience he went through in his
early Earp era, he has kept the urge
severely under control.

"I had rented a nice house in Benedict
Canyon, with a fine garden. Bushes . . .
flowers . . . trees . . . lawns." Hugh
sketched in the lush landscaping with a
few eloquent gestures. "For a while I
think I got my greatest pleasure out of
knowing I didn't have to manicure that
big, beautiful garden.

"But one day the old pro in me surged
up. I decided the gardener who came with
the place wasn't on the ball. I thought
he had let the wild roses especially get
way out of hand. I got some tools together
and I spent most of that weekend cutting
and clipping, tearing out the woody under-
brush and getting rid of plants that
weren't flourishing. That rose garden was
trimmed within an inch of its life by the
time I got through with it.

"The following week I had my landlord
over to dinner, and while we were having
cocktails I walked him out to the rose
garden so he could see what a treasure
of a tenant he had in me.

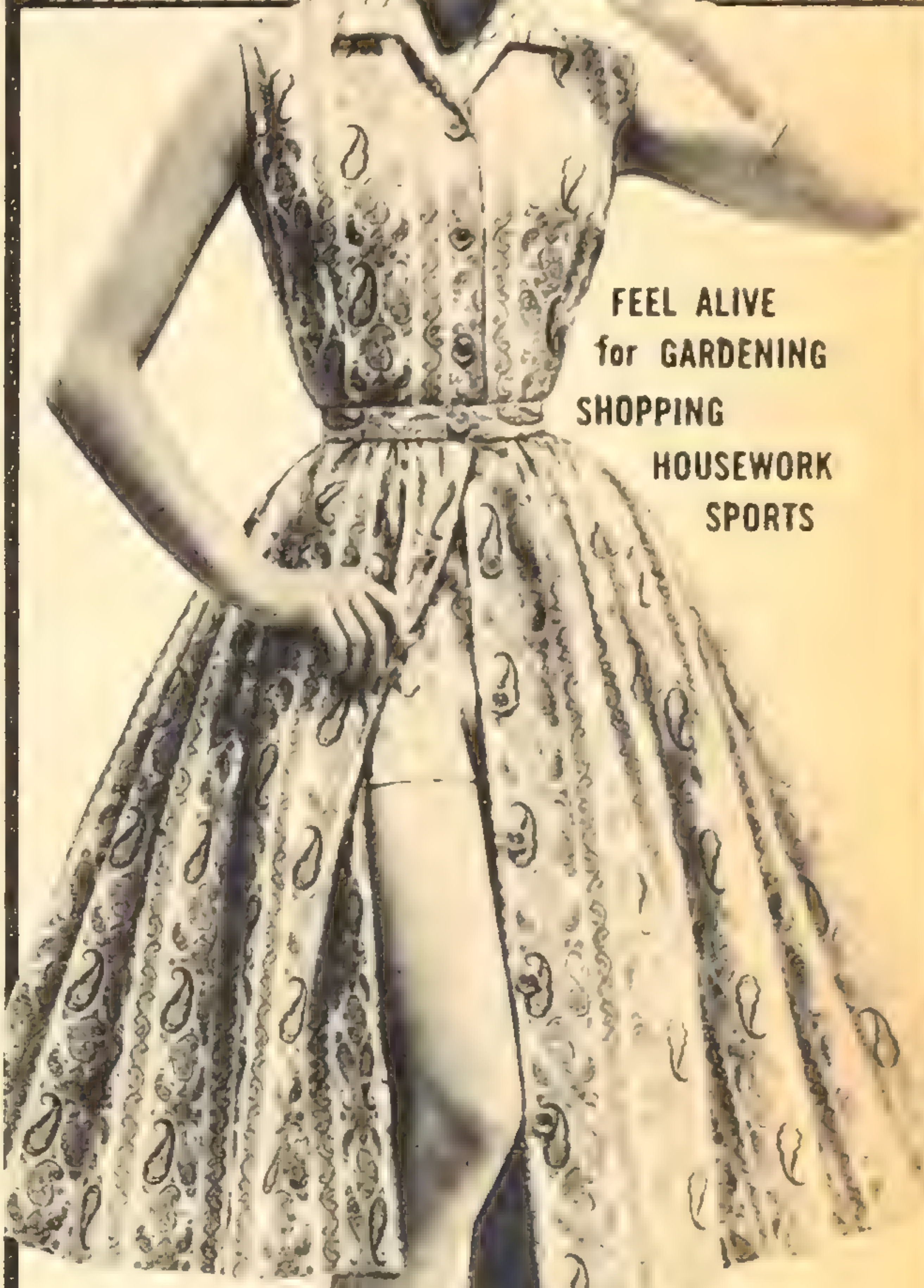
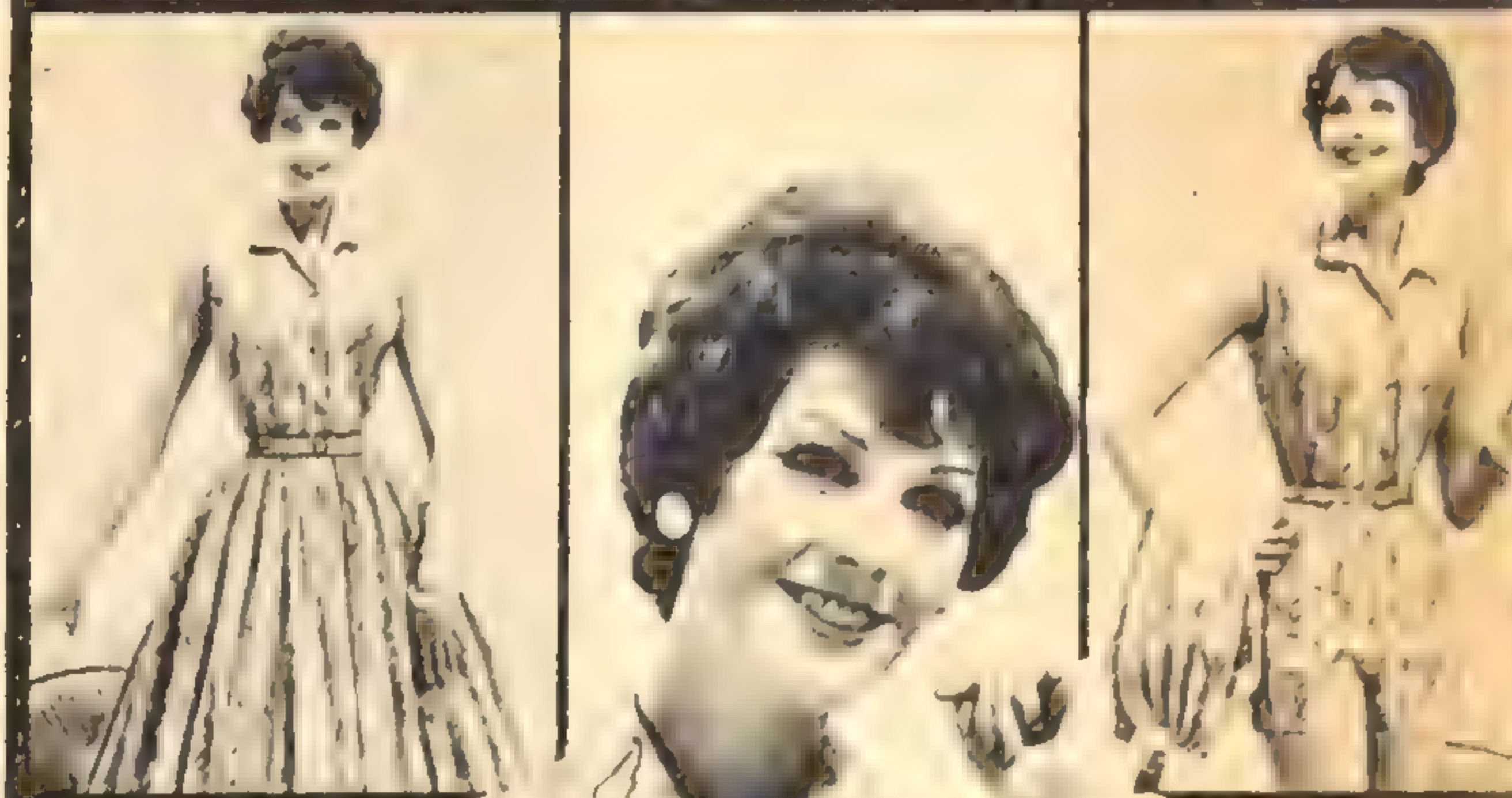
"He took one horrified look at the rose
garden and gave it to me straight: I had
carefully removed his rarest plants. Torn
out his choicest specimens.

"Today, thanks to me—the great ex-
gardener—somewhere buried deep down,
in a Los Angeles dump, lies the finest
collection of prize roses of any dump
heap in history!" **END**

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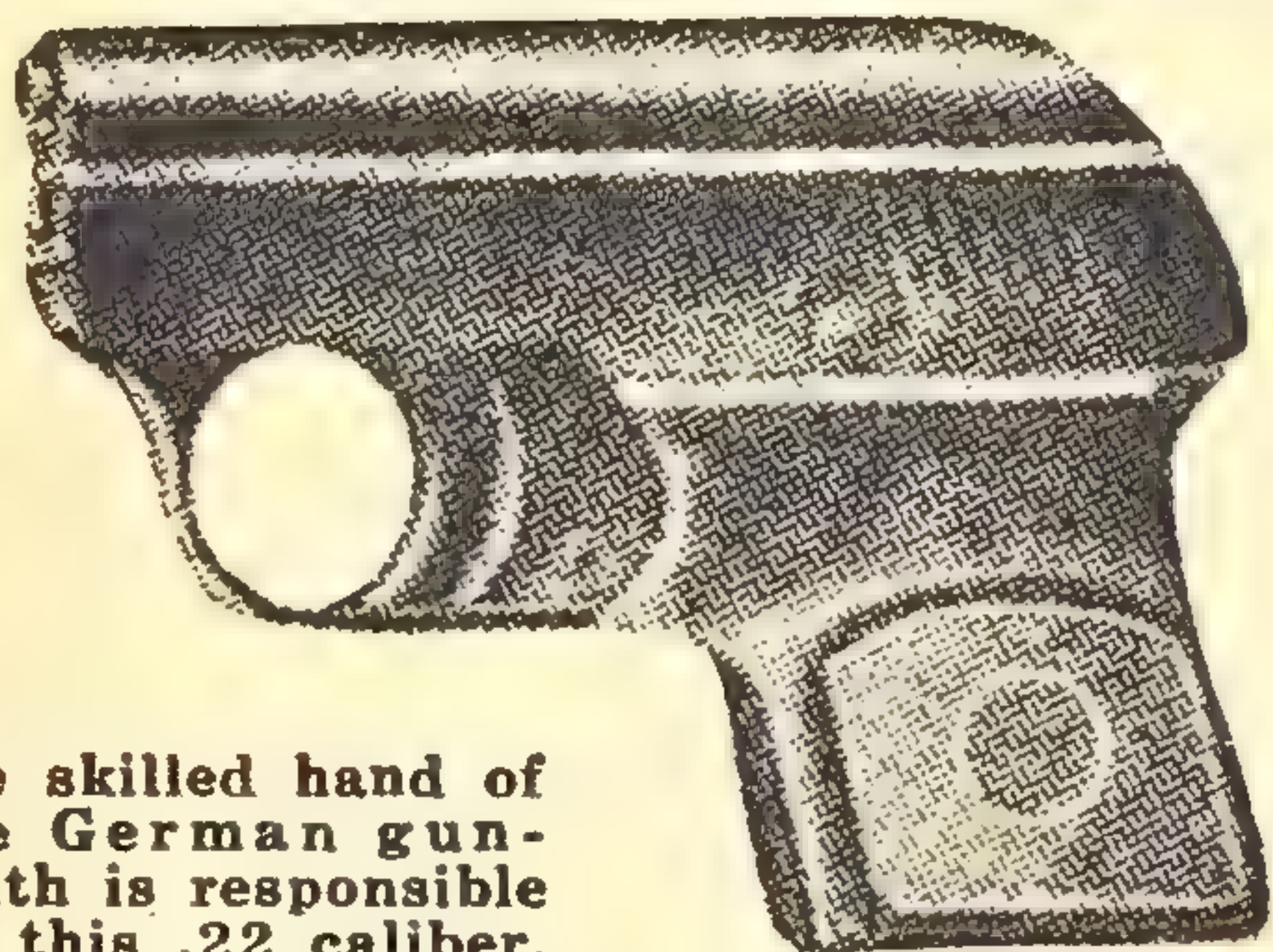


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River Boat Gal

continued from page 51

This may give a little pause to some of the eager gentlemen who are standing in line to date her. TEN, she said. And we think she meant it.

She likes to date men "who will fight with me a little bit. You see, I like leaders, not followers, and a man has to stand up for his opinions. Nick Adams and I have had some splendid times fighting and we both enjoy it very much."

She saw a good deal of Singer Andy Williams when he was on the Coast recently and she finds him a good man in an argument, too. She added, "Andy has a warm, wonderful quality. He knows about people . . . and that is so important. And he cares about people . . . which is still more important . . ."

She went on, "I also go out frequently with an insurance man, a grocer and a wonderful poet," she said. "And others. I am interested in all kinds of people."

The potential father to those ten babies? She feels about him much as she feels about the home for which she is diligently searching.

"When I see him, I am sure I shall know," she says, definitely. "I just hope that he will agree with me."

We rather anticipate that he will. Kathy is a pretty choice little dish and with that determined chin of hers. . . . well, a man might find it difficult to elude her, even if he wanted to. Which seems definitely unlikely.

She thinks she would like a job in which she could help to plot and run other people's lives. "An agent, perhaps, or a manager or a press representative. I am always sure that I know better than other people what is good for them, although they don't always agree with me. I'd like to manage other people's lives."

(There's another thing for those suitors to think about!)

You wouldn't expect this managerial streak in a girl who looks so feminine and who talks in such a soft, gentle voice. But she said it, herself. "People don't organize themselves," she pronounced.

"I read with a new little actress at Desilu yesterday and she was awfully good. I mean, she read well. But she really won't get anywhere until she organizes her life. She must set aside portions of it, the major part for her career, of course . . . all the study and effort that goes toward that. But she must also have time for fun and for romance, for experiences. She has to grow, you see.

"Oh, I wish I could manage other people's lives!"

She is as independent about her house-keeping and her entertaining as she is about everything else.

"I have a sort of half apartment on a Hollywood hill," she says. "I have a cleaning woman and a gardener but I don't clean or garden. I will garden, of course, when I get my own house. I'm

going to have such interesting plants especially the ones that people tell 'won't grow' in Southern California. I want to experiment with those."

Kathy, you may have gathered, encounters obstacles, even horticultural ones.

She likes to entertain in small groups. "I don't have much furniture," she says cheerfully, "so mostly people have to sit on the floor. But if they really want to come to see me, they don't mind. If they do mind they are quite free to stay away."

She likes to cook and here, too, she is not to be bound by any cookbooks or recipes or advice.

"I experiment and I don't mind telling you that I have done some rather wonderful things with seafoods and noodles with pork and rice. Did you know you can make a wonderful casserole on a base of cottage cheese? I have found out lovely things to do with herbs and spices . . . but no one told me. I tell them out, myself. I don't want to be told."

Kathy doesn't want to be "told" about anything, it is perfectly apparent. When you say this girl has a mind of her own, you are uttering a colossal understatement.

Take clothes. Most Hollywood love to take advice from their studios and subscribe to expensive designers. Not Kathy.

"Clothes?" she asks, happily. "I don't have a 'designer.' I have a dress maker design my own things. I lie down and he cuts around me. I had one dress, a satin coat for a premiere recently. The dress was velvet . . . I had to be seen into it at the last moment. It was really very successful.

"I like cosmic colors . . . avocado, purple (purple, I told you before, is a spiritual color). I like the cola colors, rehearsals. And gold, of course. Lots of happy, happy gold.

"I will not be caught dead in jeans. I'm no comic strip character. But I like raw silks and heavy satins and brocade. I enjoy Don Loper tailored suits, although I don't get to wear them very often." Here Kathy seemed a bit wistful about



KATHY, here with Jack Haley, Jr., is a determined girl who knows what she wants.

ictions. "But," she added, firmly, "I not interested in furs. They seem so tatious, so extraneous. I just don't them. Or jewels. I don't own any I don't want any . . . yet.

love hats and I wear silly ones . . . ave a fireman's hat and a bowler, a rman's hat and some sort of helmet. ear them all. I put veils on some of n, flowers on others . . . but I wear n. Some people say, 'Isn't Kathy cute?' ers say, 'Isn't she eccentric?' But they something. Me, I like my hats, no er what anyone says."

s for those "cosmic colors" to have nd her, to wear and so on. Kathy is us about those. "Colors and fabrics affect you," she insists. "You must k about these things."

s for the career on which she has t her entire life . . . "I'm not sure it's

all it's cracked up to be," she concludes.

"I have spent my entire life at it, have sacrificed my girlhood to it, my young womanhood to it. I didn't have a normal childhood, or a normal school life. I shall have a home soon . . . and I shall have a dog and a garden and birds. All the things I haven't had all my life.

"I'll indulge in some photography . . . I'm rather good at that. I don't like to do things at which I am not good. That's my ego, I guess, and that's probably why I don't care for many sports. I can't excel in them so I can't enjoy them.

"But I *am* happy and I intend to go on working at being happy. You can, you know, if you make up your mind to it!"

You must admit that Kathy is a charmingly frank (as well as frankly charming) little person . . . and also that she has a mind of her own! **END**

Hollywood Lowdown

continued from page 8

to offer to give one back when was criticized as the winner of The Actor Award.

hen new actress Claire Kelly was ed back to Metro for added scenes in "Johnny Eager" TV pilot, she wired from Florida, "Can't come, I'm in with sunburn." Then Metro burned. Prices get higher and higher. There's Wayne's \$750,000 for "The Horse iers." . . . Elizabeth Taylor's \$500,- for "Suddenly Last Summer." And Lancaster gets one million dollars cture. He's too expensive to hire him- for his own company, says Burt. . . . with everyone getting so much, it's to know that Rita Hayworth's parrot paid \$500 a week to work in "They e To Cordura." . . . Victor Mature's -time girl friend, Joy Urwick, was in ywood while he filmed "The Big Cir-" and in Rome during his "Hannibal" e. So when are they going to an- ace the marriage?

was a big surprise to me, by the way, n Nick Adams, always the friend, r the groom, finally took unto him- a bride last May. Some of Nicky's ds: Natalie Wood, Kathy Nolan, and en friends—Jimmy Dean and Elvis ley. . . . Elvis will be returning to a oping contract with Hal Wallis, 20th ury-Fox and various other assorted os when he gets out of the Army, h momentous event takes place early year. . . . What I didn't know until art Granger stated recently—that he Mike Wilding are no longer friends. break-up came when he tried to n up Mike's marriage with E. Taylor. ways did say, the man in the middle squished.

ebbie Reynolds dating millionaire Bob , the mostest. . . . Robert Young, star "Father Knows Best," will be a grandpa

in December. Bob has a great personal story to tell, but I wonder if he ever will. . . . Producer Aaron Spelling wanted to know what wife Carolyn Jones would look like when she was an old lady, so he wrote a special TV segment for her, in the "Portrait" series. Do you want to know what you will look like when you're 70? I know I don't.

Art Linkletter's new book is titled, "The Secret World Of Kids," or "How To Enjoy Children In Spite Of Them." . . . And Dan Duryea feels like a failure because he hasn't made a TV pilot in seven years. He'll be back in a new series. . . . Ditto Robert Taylor who is taking the TV series plunge. . . . The Glenn Ford-Eleanor Powell fireworks may turn out to be a damp squib. Eleanor was angry but has cooled down. . . . I knew if Pier Angeli and Vic Damone would go off somewhere by themselves they'd iron out their difficulties. Now let's hope they'll be very happy. . . . Jane Wyman dyed her grey locks and immediately looked ten years younger. No woman should look older than she feels.

Ann Sothern gets an A-plus for being a smart mother. When 16-year-old daughter Patricia wanted a car for her birthday, Mama made her work for it—as a model for ace photographer Johnny Engstead every Saturday and after school. . . . Frank Sinatra told a local reporter for a London newspaper, "I've nothing to say to the British press, I've turned the other cheek too often." . . . Princess Grace Kelly is adding to the new look of Monaco with new modern office buildings and homes. The lucky lady is spending the summer in the beautiful California-style house high in the hills above Monte Carlo, built for her by Prince Rainier at a cost of \$100,000. Would cost three times as much here in Hollywood. **END**

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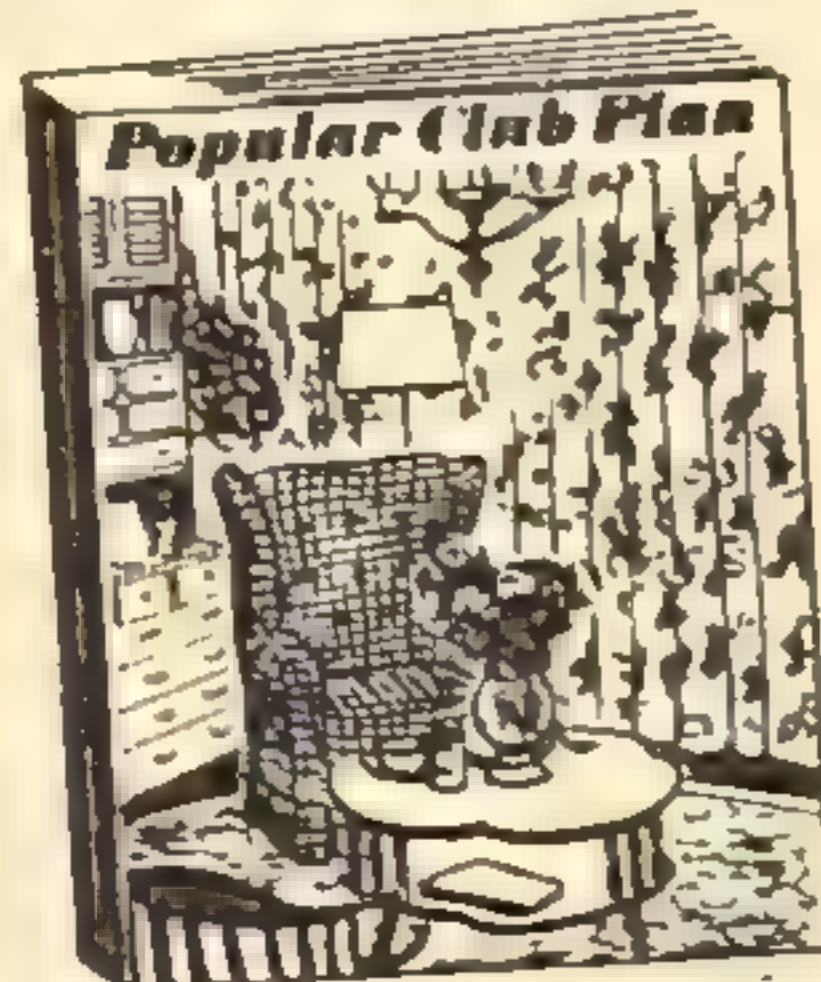
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"Help Me Find A Wife"

continued from page 27

call her on the phone from time to time.

A few weeks ago I knew I was going back to Miami, and gave her plenty of advance notice about my arrival. I could hardly wait to get off the plane when it landed in Florida.

So how much time did we have together? One hour and forty-five minutes!

For all I know, years might go by before I get back to Miami again.

I became interested in another girl who was not in show business, and lived in California. This time, I had three weeks with her. We saw each other every day. I hated to have to go back to New York when my picture was finished. But I was convinced this romance would continue once I had a chance to get back.

I got it six months later. When I called her, the telephone operator told me she had a new number. I finally reached her and asked her out for dinner. She seemed delighted to join me.

We had a wonderful evening together, and when I told her how much I wanted to see her the following night, she told me we'd have to wait a whole week before we could get together again. Seeing my disappointed expression she willingly explained she'd gotten married three months after I left, and her husband worked but one night a week! That was the end of that romance.

NATURALLY, being an actor I am more sensitive about how girls feel about me. In this respect I'm sure I'm no different from anyone in this business. We all like to think we're loved for ourselves, and not just because our names happen to appear on theatre marquees.

But how can we ever be sure?

It's almost impossible in the cities where I spend most of my time—New York and Los Angeles. Even the girls who are not in show business are often affected by the kind of life we live . . .

I remember one girl I dated who said she didn't care whether my name was Sal Mineo or Joe Blowitz, whether I was an actor or a Fuller Brush salesman.

Although we used to go to quaint, out-of-the-way restaurants, invariably some columnist would mention where we'd been. The mystery didn't clear up until a newsman, who also happened to be a close friend of mine, cornered me one day, and kiddingly asked if I had hired the girl as a publicist.

"Why do you say that?" I called out in surprise.

"Because she keeps calling me every few days to let me know what you are doing . . ."

When I confronted her with that bit of information, she readily admitted it—and the fun she got out of having her friends read about us!

I've even resorted to using aliases when I meet girls for the first time, but so far

have been successful in hiding my identity only once—and then the girl turned to have such a crush on Earl Holliman that she couldn't talk about anything the whole time I was with her!

Naturally I can't go around putting on dark glasses and playing games like a school boy if I seriously want to find a wife. Yet I can't seem to be able to tell anyone any other way, either, which makes it so hard to make my situation somewhat hopeful.

That's the reason I'm asking you for your help.

Maybe you know of a girl, or maybe you are the girl who doesn't want a career, who is not too awed by the glamour of life she'll be leading yet is willing to understand that I have to be gone for long periods of time, who won't get jealous when I make love on the set, or become upset when I come home from work too tired to talk.

I want more than that. I want my wife to share my religion, to want a big family, to be sincere and a good sport. I want her to be pretty, although I don't care for the conventional type of beauty. It doesn't matter to me whether her hair is blonde or brunette, dyed or natural, whether she has blue eyes or brown eyes or grey eyes. I'd like her to have a good figure, but she doesn't have to be in the top America class. And I want her to be liked by my family.

So far I have taken only one girl to meet them—and they haven't been covered from the shock yet!

She was a beautiful, voluptuous blonde who filled a bathing suit so provocatively that my brother hardly took his eyes off her all the while she was there.

But I don't think she said more than ten words all afternoon. Mom wouldn't comment. She never does. But the next day Dad shook his head I knew he wouldn't have cared to have her become a member of the family.

I don't mean to say that if I really loved a girl I wouldn't marry her without my parents' objections. On the other hand, we've always been such a close family that I would think it over a lot more carefully than if they approved.

Now don't get me wrong. I don't want to rush into marriage. There are a number of advantages to being single. (I'll list a number! But I am looking for a girl, and if you know of a girl or if you are the girl, please write me about you or whoever you have in mind, in care of Twentieth Century-Fox Studios, Bel Air, Hills, California.

I'm not going to drop everything to go to you and propose.

But if I think there's a chance that something may come of it, I will certainly answer you, and who knows, maybe we can establish a friendship which some day will develop into more than that.

I would like that very much.

Unhappy Rebel

continued from page 31

And then Kim began to feel her oats. She was no longer the frightened, half-bred child that Columbia had molded into a movie star during five painful years. She was no longer hampered by the shadow of Kim Novak, Movie Star. Told by the studio she could not see Trujillo (married and the father of six children) again, an emancipated Kim evaded her studio guards and met Ramfis (her pet name for him) at Don Loper's exclusive men's shop where he bought her a farewell gift—\$1700 worth of clothes in her favorite lavender shade to go with the lavish collection of jewelry he'd already given her. And when Ramfis left town Kim defied the studio by meeting him in his private limousine car for a tender, 30-minute farewell . . . One thing Kim has learned is to say 'I won't!' She can set her beautiful face in a blank Slavic expression and say 'I won't!' with more conviction than anyone in Hollywood."

Earlier, Kim seethed inside but remained outwardly silent while Harry Cohn angrily informed her many times that she was not born—but made, invented—by the studio. "If you want to bring me your mother or your aunt, I'll do the same for you," he said. And he proceeded to outline the fantastic amount of effort necessary to turn a small-time, overweight, mediocre model, utterly lacking in acting experience, into a Hollywood movie star. Her teeth were leveled, straightened and whitened by experts; a rigid diet and daily exercise in a gym took off 15 pounds; her hair (shrewdly judged her trademark) was bleached and shaped to resemble a head in a fluffy corona of lavender-tinged silver platinum. Acting, singing, dancing, body control, dancing lessons, university extension courses (partly at her own expense) filled her days.

KIM herself explained how she felt about this studio "treatment." "Sometimes," she said, "I wonder how I ever got through it. But there is one thing I like to make clear. It wasn't just Mr. Cohn who made me a star. I respected him tremendously even though he was an erratic, emotional man. He'd beat down my ego and make me cry in frustration. Then he'd say, 'Tell me, why are you crying?' And then he himself would answer and tell me why."

"I'll grant that Mr. Cohn made my aldy blonde hair a little blonder and pushed me up a bit and gave me opportunities and things like that, but I heard people saying that it was he who made me what I am today. I think I had more than a little something to do with it. After all, you can't make a star out of somebody just because you say you're going to. The person has to have something to start with."

Ferry Wald, who was a producer at Columbia when Kim started her build-up,

told this reporter that he agreed with Kim's views. "It's absolutely nonsense for a movie executive to say he can manufacture a star. There's no Univac or Geiger counter that can point out star material. Cohn gave the same build-up, the same opportunities to 50 girls and came up with only two stars—Kim Novak and Rita Hayworth. Kim had something—fantastic eyes, wonderful Slavic cheekbones, a melancholy little-girl quality coupled with a hauntingly beautiful face and a delectable figure. And that made her a star."

"Webster defines a star as a self-illuminating body. That's what Kim has. Still, she was terrified by those who called her 'a dumb, no-talent blonde,' by those who told her, 'Listen, kid, if you don't do so and so, you're out! You've got no acting ability—only a pretty face. We can buy hundreds of pretty faces. Who needs you? You owe everything to our genius.' No wonder the poor kid was crying all the time. She was up against the Hollywood System. Overnight, she found herself a star, a member of royalty, with fantastic demands made upon her. Unfortunately, we have no basic training for movie royalty. Some run away like Ava Gardner, Marilyn Monroe, Diane Varsi. Some stay and cry like Kim Novak."

Stardom thrust so heavy a weight of pressures on Kim that she's become afflicted with chronic unhappiness. "They put you up there at the top," she explained in her low, husky voice, "playing opposite top stars like Fredric March, Frank Sinatra or the late Ty Power and leave you on your own. I'm taking acting lessons as often as I can. I really want to be an actress, not merely a beautiful woman. By some lucky fluke I was good in my first picture and got wonderful reviews. I was petrified that never again could I live up to it. And I felt it couldn't happen again. Today, I'm worried because I didn't enjoy it on the way up and now maybe I'm on the way down."

Kim begins the first day's shooting on each picture with panicky hysterics, suffers from hives and nausea, chews on her nails and sometimes develops a nervous tic in her lips from pure terror—a difficulty which often makes it necessary to reshoot the first several days' work. Emotional tension causes her to overeat and she adds poundage on thighs and hips—unwelcome weight which must come off as the picture progresses.

An actress who's appeared with Kim said, "The frightening job of being a full-time movie queen consumes her and she knows little inner peace. Her only confidence is her face. Repeatedly, she holds up shooting by stopping to examine her face in a little hand mirror which she carries in her bodice. Her greatest dread in life is the appearance of the first

continued on page 68

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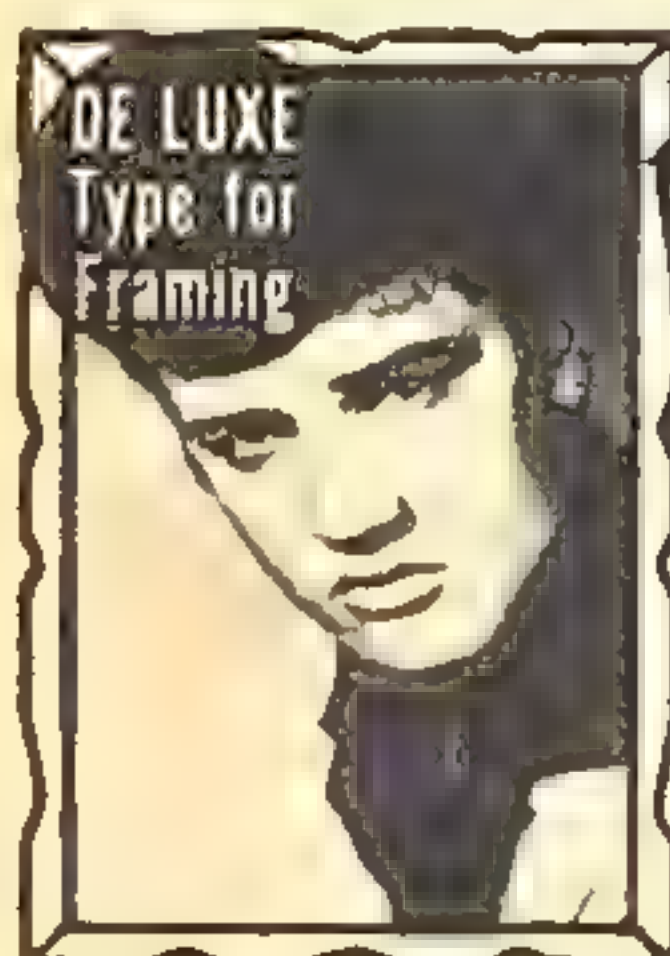
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UNHAPPY REBEL

continued

wrinkle, the first gray hair. "How many more years will I be able to work?" she asks. "Then what?"

Kim has been disturbed, too, by her parents' dislike for acting as a profession for their daughter. "I never could see that sort of business," plump Mrs. Novak told a reporter in Chicago. "I still can't." And tight-lipped Joe Novak, a railroad clerk says, "It's all well and good that she's at her best right now, but imagine, say five or ten years from now. What'll it be then? I would just as soon have her living here in Chicago and married to a truck driver. Kim is good to us, but sometimes I don't understand her. Take the last time I visited her in her new house. Most of the time she was on the telephone or talking to her interior decorator about a new fireplace. I took some pictures of the house and played with her Siamese cat. Finally, I just left. I didn't want to bother her too much. She works terribly hard and she has such a lot on her mind. I wish she'd come back to Chicago and get married so we can see her and maybe play with the grandchildren. I know she's got a good job out there, but she can get a good job here in Chicago, too."

BUT Mr. Novak is not reckoning with his daughter's overpowering ambition—she's already had a niche built in her new den for a future Oscar—nor with the fanatic discipline with which she attacks her work. A stickler for self-improvement, Kim has amazed those who have watched her progress. "I'm taking acting lessons as often as I find the time, and I work with my coach on the set constantly," she confided. "My mother never taught me to run faster and faster and try harder and harder with each small success no more than a challenge to the next effort. Mother just wanted me to be happy. But I can't. I'm constituted differently. I've always got to top myself or I'll drown. The bigger a success is, the more worries it brings."

Though Kim has been assured that she's done her best acting so far in her newest film, "Middle Of The Night," co-starring with one of the nation's most distinguished actors, Fredric March, the sad-eyed actress refuses to believe it. Delbert Mann, the director, picked Kim over such candidates as Jean Simmons, Hope Lange and Eva Marie Saint, and he says he is not sorry. "Kim can act," he declared. "She's warm and friendly, and needs only to be given a fair chance."

In her dealings with the press over both her flamboyant love affairs and friendships with men, Kim feels definitely that she hasn't been given a fair chance. After headlines of her affair with the "unattached" son of the Dominican dictator, photos of his wife and six children back home, hints of her friendship with entertainer Sammy Davis, Jr., dates with married director Richard Quine, and interest

in a married co-star, Kim burst into her familiar flood of tears. "I'm fed up here with all this," she cried, "just fed up. I'm so tired I could just about die because I haven't been able to sleep. Last night I woke up crying and that's the way it's been so many nights after all those crazy rumors about me started. Reporters are always rooting for the underdog the way up, but they pick on and try to destroy someone who has already arrived. Nothing is private. You'd be amazed at the questions inquisitive reporters have dared to ask me and my parents."

And Kim was just as annoyed at her studio's big brass for their attitude toward the men she dated. "It would seem," said a studio insider, "that Kim deliberately chooses men her studio disapproves of. Possibly it's a weapon Kim uses in rebellion against the restrictions placed on her freedom. I don't believe there is anything to all these so-called romances. Kim is tremendously dependent girl, filled with grave doubts about her acting ability, full-time star who still carries with her bag of frustrations, fears, self-doubts and anxieties. By nature and the tremendous pressures put upon her, Kim is melancholy, troubled; she rarely smiles, seldom laughs—but when she does, like a child, she's the loudest laughter in the room."

With no effect at all, Kim generates a kind of sex appeal that is strangely rare in a town where sex is a major product. She moves in a kind of rapt trance which fairly oozes sex. All this is or was not learned on her long list of suitors—Mac Krim, Mario Bandini, Aly Khan, Dr. Ernest Wynder, Frank Sinatra, John Ireland, Joe Chandler, Bob Evans, General Trujillo, "Baby" Pignatari and Cary Grant.

Kim simply and honestly volunteers: like men. What I want most out of life is to love and be loved. Since I can't find everything I want in one man, I go on with many men. Each man I go with fills a different need in me. Until I marry I'll view variety as the spice of life.

Kim sighed, and continued. "If only I knew what would make me happy! The trouble is that I want the kind of love that probably doesn't exist. Perhaps that's one of the reasons I put off marriage. I keep thinking of that whole world of men who haven't yet come into my life."

When Kim sailed for France to attend the Cannes Film Festival she admitted that she hoped to forget career worries and have herself a ball. And this she most certainly did.

It's the opinion of a Beverly Hills psychiatrist that "this is a girl who is still swimming in a lavender whirlpool. At the moment she is still too immature, unconsciously too much in love with herself to marry anybody."

Kim's father has predicted that she will marry in about four years when she's 30. But Kim herself gives her best Mona Lisa smile and says, "One never knows. I don't make any predictions about the future. I do I go back and review the past. I live only for the moment."

What Makes Fabian Fabulous

continued from page 46

sounds silly to call it magnetism, but can't think of another word. He attracts people. That's a rare quality. It can't be taught. But we should be able to teach him singing. Will you let us try?"

That called for a family conference. Fabian talked to Frankie Avalon and came up with the opinion, "It might be . . ." His father said, "If you have luck, you might earn enough for college tuition . . ." His mother had the deciding vote, "It's all right if it doesn't interfere with your school work."

Fabian cut his first session under most unusual circumstances. Peter DeAngelis sat in front of him, playing guitar and directing. Bob Marcucci keyed his phrases by standing beside him and singing into his ear. Frankie Avalon was there to give encouragement.

They released the resulting record, "I'm a Man," backed with "Shivers," accompanied by the announcement that Fabian was Frankie Avalon's personal protégé and called him "the newest recording sensation."

It was quite a billing for a 15-year-old live up to and there were plenty of people who questioned his ability to do it. They said, "Marcucci could turn Frankie Avalon into a singer. He's been an entertainer all his life. He *wants* to be on stage." They shook their heads, "at this new kid" is something else entirely. Sure, he's handsome, but he's never even been in a high school play." Fabian's first test came on Dick Clark's "American Bandstand." Self-conscious though he was, that quality which Bob called "magnetism" carried. The girl shrieks in the studio were echoed by silent letters which asked, "Who is he? When will we see him again?"

His next challenge came when he went out on a tour of recording stars. No one in the company was newer than Fabian. Many were stage veterans, skilled at holding the attention of the crowd. How could he stand up against them?

Fabian supplied the answer. "I watched them and I learned. I was like going to school twice, because I had to carry my books with me and study everywhere I went. I might forget my shirts and shoes in dressing rooms, but I didn't dare forget my books. The folks had laid down the law. If my grades slipped, I was through." He drew applause, but he was still a kid with only one record to his credit. His second carried a prophetic title, "I'm a Man."

When they heard it, there again were those who asked, "Can he prove it?" It was still their opinion that he was only a manufactured artist. . . . A star whose existence existed only in the imagination of Bob Marcucci.

The kids who watch and listen to "American Bandstand" thought differently. In their poll, some eight million voted

Fabian "Most Promising Male Vocalist of '58". A silver record attesting to this was awarded to him at Hershey, Pa., on his 16th birthday, February 6, 1959.

The cast of the tour—Clyde McPhatter, The Platters, The Crests, Duane Eddy, the Kalin Twins and the others—staged a surprise party. Fabian's eyes shine as he tells about it. "It was great."

A surprise of a different sort awaited him a few days later at Elmira, New York. "I'm a Man" was rising in the charts. Disc jockeys playing the record also had things to say about his remarkable good looks and the excitement he created everywhere he went. "Girls swoon," they said. "In Detroit, it took 13 cops to hold back the crowd."

It was altogether too much for a certain rowdy element in the town. Unsuspecting, Fabian went out on stage, concerned only with doing a good performance. "Even then, I wasn't too sure of myself," he explains.

He had only started his first number when a barrage of eggs were hurled at him. Instinctively, he dodged. Dumbfounded, he watched them break and splash in yellow puddles on the stage. For the well-brought up, well-protected boy from the pleasant home, this was incredible. Gamely, he tried to continue. "It wasn't my nerve," he explains. "I just couldn't quite believe they were throwing things at me."

Disc jockey Bill Gregory of WNBC, who was staging the show, rushed to his rescue, pleading for courtesy. Fabian tried his number again.

Through the air sailed another egg. It missed Fabian but struck a news photographer. Thoughtless for himself, Fabian rushed to the man's side. "Are you hurt?" he demanded. "I'm so sorry, sir."

That "sir" really won the photographer. "Here the kid was being bombed with eggs, but all he thought of was me, and he still remembered to say 'sir,'" the photog reported. "I'm ready to join up with the gang who call this kid fabulous."

Although police charged in and took two boys into custody, there were those who urged Fabian to drop out of the second show. "You've got some jealous boys out there," they argued. "It just isn't safe."

Fabian grinned, "It's no worse than playing football and getting tackled." Right then a kid had turned pro and his courage held the crowd. At the second show there was no disturbance.

An even more trying ordeal awaited him at Jersey City. His third record, "Turn Me Loose," was out, a trip to Florida with the Dick Clark crew had brought successive days of television appearances. When, on his return to Philadelphia, the owner of a chain of doughnut shops asked Fabian to hold an autographing party at a new one that was being opened, they expected quite a crowd.

continued on page 70



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WORSHIP TOGETHER THIS WEEK

WHAT MAKES FABIAN FABULOUS

continued

But they didn't expect pandemonium. Only the regularly assigned staff of police officers were on hand when the area began filling up at 5 p.m. Fabian wasn't due until 7:30. By seven, reserves had been called in and they roped off the streets. They were worried that the jostling crowd would smash in plate glass windows and that people would be injured. By 7:30 when the unsuspecting Fabian turned up right on schedule, firemen had augmented the police force. They played streams of water along the street to hold back the throng. More than a few adults as well as kids got wet feet.

Fabian got worse than that. As he and his party tried to force their way through to the doughnut shop, a fireman got mad. "Get out of here," he shouted. "We've told you to stay back. Fabian thinks you teenagers are all a bunch of bums . . ."

"But I *am* Fabian," the lad protested.

"Who're you kidding?" shouted the fireman and turned the stream of water into his face. Drenched, Fabian took refuge in the restroom of a bus station until police arrived and cleared his way.

Today, even those who were the most skeptical about a "manufactured star" are ready to concede that Bob Marcucci had an extra sensory perception type of foresight when he billed the boy as "The Fabulous Fabian." He's no candidate for the Metropolitan Opera, but he can sing a song in a way that people like to hear. Out of three records, he's had two hits. From venturing out on stage as a somewhat shaky nobody, he has emerged as a top box-office draw. His first film is upcoming. He has that mystic gift for direct communication with his audience.

For a 16-year-old, it is a remarkable record of achievement, but the one who seems least impressed by it is Fabian

himself. "A guy doesn't get a chance get the big head with this gang around he explains.

"The gang" are his father and brothers, Robert, 13, and Thomas. They all rib him unmercifully. His father version of the doughnut shop incident "They say Fabian ran out of there with a dozen doughnuts under his arm. The guy is still looking for him, wants to get paid."

"Yeah," says Bob. "That's Fabian. Sure likes to eat. At school, his favorite subject is lunch."

Tommy, being at the action-packed, keeps his older brother on guard. Fabian says, "I gotta watch myself when I go through a door. Bobby is like as not shoot me in the face with a water pistol."

Their mother hovers fondly over them. "The only thing I don't like about this is that Fabian so often is away from home."

Fabian flings an arm around her and hugs her. "Mom gets the worst of it. When I came back from the trip to Florida with Dick Clark, she had 16 shirts to wash."

Home life is precious to Fabian. He's using his record royalties to buy a new and larger house. Mrs. Forte did not want to leave the old neighborhood, but Fabian insisted.

"There's only one thing wrong with this place," he explains. "Too many people know how to find it. Mom invites all them in to visit. Now that I'm gone so much, I count the hours that I can spend with my family. If we're going to have any fun together, we've got to get off ourselves. I'm not going to tell anybody where the new house is."

It is a valiant prediction, but one which has little chance of being fulfilled. All of the Fortes are the kind of people who make many friends and the world already has shown very definite signs of building a well-worn path to the door of the fabulous Fabian.

Wife And Mother First

continued from page 42

'Fury,' I never suffered so miserably in my life. The only thing that gave me pleasure was that Paul found us this divine apartment. He charmed it away from its owner; how he did that, I wouldn't know. But once he makes up his mind, he's the charm boy of the world."

The comfortable, two-bedroom duplex garden apartment is a remodeled old brownstone just off fashionable lower Fifth Avenue is so exactly right for the Newmans that they may buy the house, enlarging their quarters to include the additional apartment. Paul spent practically a month's rent describing it to Joanne by long-distance phone. And he spent hours photographing the rooms from every possible angle—and then decided he wouldn't send her the pictures! "I want Joanne to have the surprise and

pleasure of discovering the place herself."

When Joanne announced in Hollywood that they were moving to Greenwich Village for a year, there were horrified cries of "You can't bring a baby up in the Village. Why not a nice house with green grass in Connecticut or Long Island?"

"No suburbs for us," said Joanne crisply. "The heart of Manhattan is good enough. I've had a love affair with it since the first day I saw New York. I was raised in the country and I've had it. The baby and I can both do without grass." That is, however, a tiny patch of grass in the backyard garden of the apartment and even a fish pool, a real rarity in Manhattan. "I'll be able to sun the baby there," Joanne confided, "and wheel her (there I already know it'll be a girl) in near Washington Square, too."

Joanne has been doing just that. And her mothers and nursemaids in the wonder why the blonde, sea green-haired Joanne looks vaguely familiar as she is in discussions on the best diaper size and when to add egg and orange to the infant diet.

While the stork was circling around for landing, she completed a course in normal childbirth and she continued with extension college courses at New York University, only a few blocks from their home. Day school would have been simple but Joanne chose night classes because she wanted to be with her husband during the day and to meet him after his evening performance at their favorite restaurant, Minsky's ("the poor man's Sardi's"), for supper before bedtime.

She also loved the forays up and down Broadway Avenue searching for Early American antiques for the apartment. Joanne has fine old pieces of furniture; she says, "When I was getting started on the job in New York I ate leftovers for months but I went wild over antiques." And baby Elinor's nursery has its share of antiques, too. "My mother sent me the oak high chair of my grandfather's which my brother and I both used as babies. In Southern families these things generally passed down from generation to generation and I love the idea. My mother also sent Paul's own baby cradle and baby Nell is very comfortable in it." (Already the Newmans have renamed "Elinor" to Nell, which was Joanne's grandmother's name.)

What will motherhood do to Joanne? For one thing, it hasn't dulled her sharp, much-admired sense of humor. As Joanne showed off the new baby to a friend, she grinned, "Not bad for a first try, eh?" And when she air-expressed a series of shots of the baby out to the Coast, Joanne captioned them "The Three Faces of Elinor."

For another thing, motherhood will not take away Joanne's desire to work in her profession. It's true that the brilliant singing star has declared, upon occasions, that she feels like giving up her career for just being Mrs. Paul Newman and raising more babies. "I want to have four children and raise them to be happy and healthy enough physically and mentally they never have any need to go to an analyst," she once remarked.

But Producer Jerry Wald, for whom she's dedicated actress starred in three pictures, doesn't believe Joanne can live without work. "There is a kind of insecurity which devils her at times," he declares. "And when a picture is wrapped she is ready to swear on a heap of Leon bibles that she will never work again—there just won't be a role that I can do." She threatens to take up singing, become a child psychologist, or start a course in make-up at Elizabeth Arden's so she'll have work to do.

"In one of her moods, before she left Hollywood," Wald explained, "Joanne declared she was going to become a house-

wife and mother her new baby—that she was 'through with work and pictures for at least a year.' Not long ago I phoned her in New York and asked her how she was. 'Terrible,' she said. 'The baby's kicking, and so am I. I'm not working.' Then we talked about 'The Sound And The Fury,' and I remarked I was thinking of a change in the picture. Joanne started screaming. 'Calm down,' I said, 'calm down. I haven't done it yet; I was just thinking about it.'

"That Woodward," grinned Wald. "If her baby is anything like her, it's just got to be born fighting!"

At the moment little Nell is just cooing, eating and sleeping. But long before she was born, her mother was already declaring that her baby will live a life wholly subordinated to its mother. "I don't see why," Joanne declared with great conviction, "once the baby arrives, parents must change their whole way of living. I've already decided that my baby will have to adjust to me; after all, I was here first!"

Yet the only "adjusting" little Elinor Theresa has had to do so far is to have her schedule arranged so that she sleeps late in the morning (as her parents do) and is awake at dinner before Paul goes to the theatre. The baby has tremendous meaning for both Paul and Joanne and they plan to spend as much time with her as possible.

"We want her to grow up as a complete individual, to have an identity of her own, just as Paul and I are striving to achieve that," says Joanne. "Mainly we want her to feel secure."

To achieve that Joanne is nursing the baby and is taking care of her. But she realizes that a housekeeper is essential for the hours when Joanne cannot be home and long before the baby came Joanne spent days searching for this jewel of a domestic. At the time she said, "I have no intention of turning the baby over to a nurse who will issue orders to Paul and me about what hours we can play with our child or who will get palsy-walsy with us in the living room. I'm hunting for a housekeeper-nurse who'll be so busy around the apartment she won't consider the baby her exclusive property."

While Joanne was awaiting her baby, Hollywood sent tempting scripts for her to consider. But the determined young actress turned them all down when she found they would mean a separation from Paul and the baby. "No part," she said, "no matter how wonderful, would ever tempt me to give up the privilege of being with Nell during the very first year of her life. But when I heard that Tennessee Williams' 'Orpheus Descending' would be made completely in New York, and with Marlon Brando co-starring, I agreed to do it during the summer months."

So it looks as if the amazingly energetic blonde star will have a full year away from Hollywood. "I'm an actress, but I'm a wife and mother first," she declared. "I

continued on page 72

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WIFE AND MOTHER FIRST

continued

feel very strongly about my marriage and my child. It took me a long time to achieve both and I intend to be a good wife and mother. It takes 20 years to be good actors, and Paul and I are just starting. But it didn't take me that long to be adjusted to motherhood. When someone asked me if I'm having difficulty adjusting to my new role I shook my head. I was *always* adjusted to the idea, whether I knew it or not. As a child I was automatically drawn to babies. And I helped raise my own little half-brother. Anyway, I like children better than grownups for the most part because they're nicer people. They're truthful and honest. You can't fool them."

And it was Joanne's interest in children which persuaded Director Martin Ritt and his wife to adopt a baby after 15 childless years. "It made them wildly happy," said a friend of Joanne's. "Without her interest and inspiration, they would never have done it. Joanne brings warmth and understanding to her friends, and it's mainly those qualities which are responsible for her solid marriage."

"She'll go to any length to make the marriage work. If there is any giving in to be done, she does it. She knows the score, and how to keep Paul happy. Both are firm and very aware; they don't find it necessary to perform for each other. Marriage has brought Joanne security and she's happier now because of Paul and of her own growth as a human being."

"Joanne has never wanted any help in the house, although the Newmans can well afford it. She loves to cook and is really a superb cook but you wouldn't call her a natural one. She learned cook-

ing like a problem in mathematics; she always has her Gourmet's Cook Book stuccoed up on the stove. But for the famous New York Sunday brunches she discards the exotic cookery volume and whips up a batch of hominy grits and biscuits while Paul cooks the eggs for their charming circle of friends. Joanne aims to continue doing the cooking, the marketing, even to take the laundry to the laundromat. To her, it's being part of womankind; it adds comfort to the marriage."

If marriage has given Joanne a new sense of security, motherhood has brought her a new beauty. "One grows and changes, and I think I've mellowed," she confesses. "I used to call myself an ugly duckling but in recent months I'm really beginning to feel myself beautiful." There is about her a great sense of peace, great freshness. Her softly fluffed short hair, tinted a silvery pale gold, sets off her almond-shaped green eyes.

Ballet exercises returned her figure to normal quickly and led to a renewed interest in clothes and her sewing machine. "I'd tossed the fashion magazines away while I waited for Elinor," she said. "I look in the mirror and it seemed as if I never have a 'figure' again." As everyone knows who saw the magnificent green brocade evening gown and coat Joanne made for Academy Award night last year, she loves to make her own clothes.

On that festive evening Joanne had clutched her golden Oscar and stammered through her tears, "This is the moment I've dreamed about since I was eight years old!" Today, as she looks down at her beautiful baby asleep in Paul's own bassinet she knows that "this" moment is far happier than last year's Oscar night. For Elinor Theresa is Joanne Woodward's greatest production of 1959. **END**

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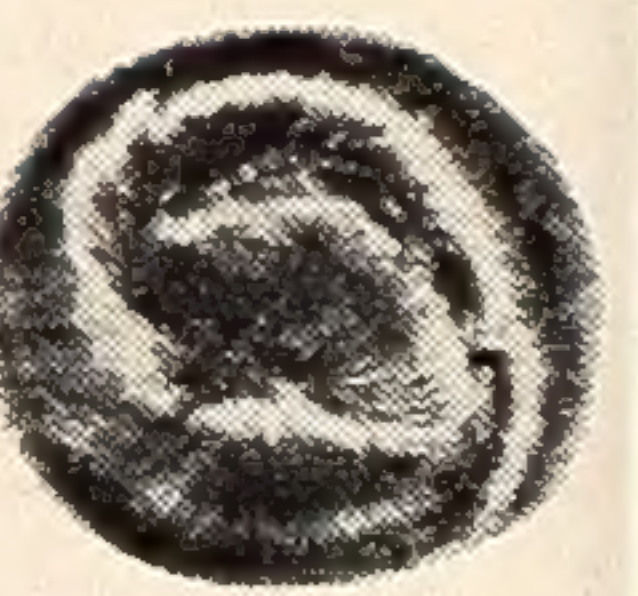
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